

*The*  
**Riveter's Gang**

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**CHARLES FORBES TAYLOR**

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**The Riveter's Gang  
And Other Revival Addresses**



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# The Riveter's Gang

And Other Revival Addresses

By

CHARLES FORBES TAYLOR

(*Known as the English Boy  
Evangelist*)



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*To*  
**MY FATHER**

*for his patient teaching, real manhood,  
and loyalty to Christ Jesus our one Lord*



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# I

## DOES CHRIST SATISFY?

**I**N the third chapter of Colossians and the eleventh verse we find three remarkable words, "CHRIST IS ALL." Because of the greatness of those words sinking deep into my father's soul, I have been urged by him to always make much of Christ. Paul said:—"I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Jesus said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." So my great desire is to exalt Christ.

Leigh Richmond once visited a dying cottager. When he asked her what her hope for eternity was, she replied by placing her hand upon a Bible near her bedside and saying, "I have Christ there, sir." Then placing her hand upon her breast said, "I have Christ there, sir." And looking up toward the sky, "I have Christ there, sir."

Christ in the Bible, Christ in the heart, Christ in Heaven.

*First: Christ is the All of the Bible.*

He is the key to the Old Testament. Lose the

key and you may smash the lock and throw it upon the rubbish heap. In the very beginning of the Bible you will read about Christ. In the third chapter of Genesis, when God said to the serpent: "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel." Christ is there.

When Abraham took his son Isaac to offer him for a sacrifice, Isaac said: "Father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Abraham said: "God will provide Himself a lamb." Christ is there.

In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah we have a vision of a

"Green hill far away, without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all."

Christ is surely there.

Again when the disciples went out to preach they had no New Testament, yet they all preached Christ. Yea, they preached Him from the Old Testament, for you remember when Philip saw the Eunuch reading in his chariot he said to him: "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

The Eunuch replied: "How can I unless some one teach me?"

Then Philip began at the same scripture, the

fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and preached unto him Jesus.

Not only is Christ the all of the Old Testament, but He is the Living Word of the New, for in the first chapter of the Gospel according to John it says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word WAS God, and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

Christ was God manifest in the flesh. In other words He was Man and He was God. As a man, He knew what it was to be tired, for He fell asleep in the bottom of a ship sailing the sea of Galilee. A storm arose, that frightened the fishermen who had been sailing that sea all their lives. They went and aroused Him, saying: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" As God, He arose and commanded the winds and the waves to obey His voice.

As a man, He knew what it meant to be hungry, for forty days He fasted in the wilderness; but as God, He fed five thousand people with a few loaves and fishes.

As a man, He understood sorrow, for He wept at the grave of Lazarus; but as God, He commanded the dead to come forth.

As a man, He died; He died that you and I might inherit eternal life, but as God, He broke

the bands of death asunder. He conquered sin, death, and Hell:

“ Up from the grave He arose  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes,  
He arose a victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives forever with His saints to reign.”

Do you know the living Christ? Have you a personal knowledge of Him as your Saviour? The Man-God, the God-Man? Your best friend? Accept Him as your all to-day, and one day you shall be like Him, for you will see Him as He is.

*Second: Christ is All to the Thirsty Heart.*

A man suffering from great depression went to see a doctor. The doctor said, “ I cannot give you any medicine; medicine will not do you any good. You need to do, read or see things that will make you forget your depressed state; for instance, try a lively novel.”

The man shook his head as if that remedy would not do.

“ Well,” said the doctor, “ go to a theatre. Perhaps there you will laugh and be happy.”

The man again shook his head as if that would not do.

The doctor in despair said: “ There is only one

thing more than I can think of that might help you. Go and see that great clown, whose performance is so funny that thousands are going to see him every day. He will amuse you and make you forget yourself."

Looking into the doctor's face the man replied sadly: "Ah! doctor, I am that clown."

A loud laugh or an empty joke often covers an aching heart.

Many people ask me the question, "Does Christ Satisfy?" If Christ does not satisfy, will you please tell me anything under heaven that does? The world is not satisfied, or satisfying. I walked along Broadway in New York a little while ago, and never saw so many people who looked as if they were bored with living. Looking around for something new to take up a few hours more of time. They were by no means New Yorkers, but probably came from all over the world. Pleasure soon tires us, and we continually demand something new. The sensation of last year will not do for this. We may have a Hawaiian craze one year, but the next it must be ice skating, then we must have things Oriental, after that everything must be Spanish; from Spanish melodies to negro melodies, we will call it Jazz, but with jazz we must have unusual dances. so the shimmy, the Spanish

walk, the jiggle-jiggle and the wiggle-wiggle occupies the stage; where it all will end nobody knows. The river for some, the bullet for others and insanity for all. What does Christ offer? Listen! "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" (Rev. 21: 6). What particular power does this water have? "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into Everlasting Life" (John 4: 14). Friend, Christ alone can satisfy the craving of the thirsty heart. He alone has the magic power to give you peace, such a peace as the world cannot give, a peace that passeth all understanding.

Have you been saying with Job: "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" or with David: "As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God"? If you have, listen to the Lord Jesus Christ: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Take a fish out of the water, and it is out of its element. Take a flower from the soil, and it is

out of its element. Take a sparrow, put it into a cage, and immediately it is out of its element. A soul away from God to-day is out of its element. Back of the eye is the optic nerve; back of the ear is the drum; back of the heart is the soul; that part of man breathed in by the breath of God at his creation. There is something in man's soul that is always longing after the infinite. Only the infinite can satisfy the soul. Friend, you need Jesus, the altogether lovely, the fairest among ten thousand, and He needs you. Will you come? The fountain of life is open, will you not drink? With Jesus, rest. Without Him, unrest. With Him, peace. Without Him, war. With Him, satisfaction. Without Him, dissatisfaction. With Him, life. Without Him, death.

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.’  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.”

Christ is the all of the Bible; all to the thirsty heart.

*Christ will be All to us when we get to Glory.*

A little girl whose mother was dying was taken to the home of some friends; while there, her mother died and was buried. Soon after the burial the little girl was taken home again. As soon as she entered the house she called out, "Mother!" Not having any reply, she ran into every room calling pitifully: "Mother! where's Mother?" At last to satisfy her question they told her the truth. Then she said: "Take me away from here! I don't want to stop here!"

Why? Nothing in the house had changed—but the chief attraction had gone—Mother wasn't there.

Since my early childhood I have been travelling around this old world, nine months out of every year away from home, and believe me when the time comes and I stand in my home, I don't care whether the pictures have been changed, or whether the furniture has been moved, I want to see the chief attraction—Mother.

Christian friend, when you and I get to glory it will not be the pearly gates and jasper walls. It will be Jesus, the chief attraction of Heaven. The One who died for us, who redeemed us with His precious blood, we want to see Him, to thank Him for His love, to see the marks of the nails, the

imprint of the crown of thorns. We want to kneel at His feet and crown Him Lord of all. In fact I guess without Jesus we would say, "Take us away from here!" The very light of heaven is the face of Jesus.

Oh, I know her walls are jasper,  
Her palaces are fair,  
And to the sound of harpings,  
The saints are singing there.  
I know that living waters  
Flow under fruitful trees;  
But ah, to make my heaven,  
It needeth more than these.  
Oh, heav'n without my Saviour  
Would be no heaven to me,  
Dark were her walls of jasper,  
And rayless her crystal sea.  
He fills the dark ethereal  
With light, and joy and peace;  
What then must be the radiance  
When night and death shall cease."

Alfred Cookman, the great American preacher, when he was dying cried, "I am sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the lamb."

Richard Weaver, the converted miner, one of the greatest evangelists Great Britain ever had, when he was dying said in an exultant voice, "On

Christ the solid rock I stand. All other ground is sinking sand."

Roland Hill, the Baronet's son, the eccentric preacher of the old Surrey Chapel, London, when he was dying tried to raise himself on his couch and articulate some words that he had often repeated in his pulpit:

" And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,  
 For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why ;  
 But this I do find, that we two are so joined,  
 He'll not be in Glory and leave me behind."

The last words of the great evangel of God, D. L. Moody, were: "Earth is receding, Heaven is opening, God is calling me."

Christ lived in the Bible to these men. He was the ALL of it. He satisfied the longing of their thirsty hearts. He was their ALL. How they longed to see Him face to face, for in Heaven, Christ is ALL in ALL. Is Christ ALL to you? Does He reveal Himself in His Word? Have you tasted of the fountain of the water of life? Has He satisfied the craving of your thirsty heart? Are you looking forward to the time when you shall see Him crowned Lord of ALL? Or are you afraid to meet Him? Oh, may you open your heart to His incoming. May you drink of the fountain of

life, now. May you catch a glimpse of the place  
He is preparing for those who are His. God help  
you to fall at His feet and acknowledge Him your  
Saviour, Sacrifice, Substitute and Coming King.

“ I entered once a home of care;  
Age and poverty were there,  
Yet joy and peace withal.  
I asked that lonely mother whence  
She found her widowhood’s defense?  
She told me, Christ was all.

“ I stood beside a dying bed,  
There lay a saint with aching head,  
Awaiting his Master’s call;  
I watched his face, ’twas sweet as May,  
And as his spirit passed away,  
He whispered, Christ is all !

“ I saw a martyr at the stake;  
Flames could not his spirit shake,  
Nor death his soul appall.  
I asked him whence his strength was giv’n,  
He looked triumphantly to heav’n  
And shouted, Christ is all !

“ I dreamt that hoary time had fled;  
Earth and the sea gave up its dead,  
And fire from heav’n did fall.  
I saw the Christian ransomed throng;  
I heard the music of their song,  
’Twas, Christ is all in all ! ”

## II

### THE RIVETER'S GANG

**I**N the month of August, 1918, I saw this advertisement in a newspaper, "Men wanted for work in shipyards. Experience not necessary."

I said to a friend of mine, half-jokingly, "Guess I'll go to work in the shipyards."

"I dare you," he said, and I took the dare.

I stood in line at the Fore River Shipyard, at Quincy, Mass., with a bunch of men of all nationalities. By the time I reached the man who hires the employees for the plant I had seen so many tough characters that I thought, in order to secure a job, I must look as tough as possible myself: so I pulled my cap down over my eyes and said gruffly, "I want a job."

He said, "What can you do?"

I said, "I can do anything."

"All right, I'll give you a job as a passer."

"What's that?"

"It means passing rivets."

I did not know what the job was, so like a lamb led to the slaughter, I accepted it. He told me

to report the next morning at a quarter of seven. I did so, and received a tin badge; it said, "S. A. Department, 6572." That was my number. I passed a sentry with a bayonet on the end of his gun, and entered into a new phase of life. The foreman, whom I was under as a passer boy, sent me up on a big destroyer that was building on the ways. I sat there with a group of men around a fire, until the seven o'clock whistle blew—and then pandemonium broke loose. Six thousand riveters' hammers all started at once, and it seemed as if they were all within a few feet of my ears. A fellow came up to me and said, "Here, take these tongs and get into that little hole there." I looked up, and saw a little hole about a foot square, on a level with the top of my head, and inside a Pole, with a big riveting hammer in his hand, beckoned me to come in.

I said, "What do I get up there for?"

Some one replied, "Put this hot rivet in the hole that fellow shows you."

I looked at that white-hot rivet, then at the hole, then at the riveter, and then I said, "Nothing doing." I decided to fire myself then and there. I walked down the ladder to where my foreman stood and said to him:

"I want to do something to help the Govern-

ment, but I'm not willing to risk my neck for thirty cents an hour; because I think I'm worth more to the Government alive than dead."

He said, "What do you want to be, a foreman?"

I replied, "I think I can get away with that."

He said, "Well, I like your nerve. Who are you, anyhow?"

I told him who I was, and explained to him that I was there for experience, and to try to do a little bit to help.

He said, "All right, I'll fix you up."

He took me down to a fellow named Joe, working on the largest submarine then building, the AA-1, two hundred and seventy-five feet long.

He said, "Joe, I've got a new passer for you. I want you to look after him. Is your mouth clean?"

Joe said, "Why sure, I washed it this morning."

The foreman said, "I mean do you swear?"

Joe said, "Just once in a while."

(That was the first lie he told that morning, because I found out afterward that he swore all the while.)

"Well," said the foreman, "this boy isn't used to swearing, and I want you to be careful how you talk."

So, of course, when the foreman went away, Joe was interested to know why I was in the shipyards.

He said, "Did you ever work before?"

I said, "Yes, I've worked with my brain, but never before with my hands."

"Well," he said, "who are you?"

I looked at him and said, "Joe, if you'll promise not to tell anybody, I'll tell you who I am. I'm a preacher, Joe."

His mouth opened wide, and he looked at me as if I were some newly discovered animal. Then he said, "Well, this is a hell of a place for a preacher!" Before I had been there a week, I believed him.

But all in all, I had a wonderful time there. I met men, and talked with men, and observed men as I have never met, talked with or observed before. I found more heathen down there than I believe there are in any village in Africa. I saw men who didn't know any more about "Jesus Christ" than that it was a good cuss-word, and I marvelled at the ignorance not only of foreign-born, but many native Americans. I worked there for two weeks, nine and a half hours a day. When I got through I said to myself, "Well, if I can't get one good sermon out of

this experience, then it hasn't been worth much to me."

Now I am going to try to pass on to you what that unique experience in the shipyards meant to me.

A riveter's gang and equipment is composed of a reamer, a riveter, a holder-on, a heater boy, a passer boy, a hammer, a rivet, a ship and a fire. I am going to take these components of the riveter's gang and apply them to these evangelistic meetings.

First of all comes the *reamer*. The reamer's job is to bore out the holes to get the plates ready, so that the riveting gang will be able to fit in the rivets without any trouble. Sometimes the reamers have to be called back to ream all the holes over again, because they have not done their work well. The reamer is the minister. If the minister does his work successfully, in preparing the way for the riveting gang, then you can always depend upon a successful evangelistic campaign. If he does not do it, then the riveting gang will have to do his work, in addition to its own, and the campaign is not so well assured of success.

Next on the list is the *riveter*. His job is to keep the hammer at the head of the rivet until it is driven and shaped. I always thought it was easy

to drive the rivet, until I tried it one day. I took the hammer, put it at the head of the rivet, and pressed the trigger. I really believe the hammer hit the rivet at least once. Then Joe took hold of my hand, and with the skill and strength that was his, drove the rivet home. The riveter is the evangelist and he must be an experienced man to run a campaign of this size and nature. This city believed that, when it invited this evangelistic party to come here. Were I fifty years of age, I haven't the slightest doubt that everybody would say, "Yes, that man knows his business." But because I was born in 1899, some people think I cannot possibly know my business. I have been preaching since I was nine years of age, and travelling since I was three and a half with my father, who has been an evangelist for thirty years before me, and if I don't know my job now I never will. If you have constructive criticism that you believe will make the campaign more successful, bring it to one of my party, and he will bring it to me, but please rest your confidence in me, believing that I know my business and God is directing me in this great work for others. Then we will rejoice together at the harvest.

Next on the list is the *hammer*. The hammer is the word of God. The hammer, rightly used, is

the greatest driving power for good in the world to-day. The trouble is, the hammer can and is being used foolishly. Paul said, "Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but in the demonstration of the spirit, and of power." "The letter killeth. It is the spirit that maketh alive." "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Therefore, during this campaign, by the help of God, I want to rightly divide the word. I want to use it as a hammer upon the Christian, to make him see his need of effectual, fervent work for God. I want to use it as a hammer upon the sinner, to make him see his need of a personal Saviour. God says, "My word is like a hammer." Again, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please. It shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." Let us all pay much attention to the Word.

The next is the *holder-on*. The holder-on is the Holy Spirit of God. In my opinion, the holder-on and the hammer are the most important members of the gang. They do the work, the rest of the gang help. The holder-on is rarely seen. He is underneath, holding the rivet in the hole with a big piece of steel, backed up by the weight and strength of his body. Without the holder-on the

gang would be useless, because the riveter would hammer the rivet out of the hole. There must be something back of the rivet, holding it and supporting it, if you expect a firm and finished work. Without the Holy Spirit, any evangelistic meeting is doomed to failure, because the evangelist may hammer for all he is worth, but unless back of what he says is the power of the Holy Spirit, supporting and holding, the rivet is just being driven away from the hole. We cannot see Him, but we know that He is there, and His power is felt. Therefore, let us, as individual Christians, both preachers and people in the pew, pay much attention to the Holy Spirit of God.

The next thing on the list is the *rivet*. The rivet is the sinner. A cold iron rivet cannot be driven. The rivet that is too hot gets burrs on it, and has to be thrown away. At the right time, when heated to the right colour and temperature, it must be put in the hole and driven. The sinner should not be left out in the cold, or he will freeze to death. On the other hand, he should not be bothered to death until he gets so hot that he gets mad and won't come any more. He must be handled with common sense, and at the right time, when heated to the right temperature, must be driven solidly into the ship.

Next is the *fire* and the *heater*. The fire is the prayer-meeting. The heater is the praying Christian. The job of the heater boy, in the shipyard, is to keep the fire good and hot, so that a number of rivets can be heated at once, and the greater the fire the greater number of rivets can be heated at a time. It is the job of the prayer-meeting to keep the fire good and hot, so that the number of sinners heated at once will be greater. Hence, the better the prayer-meeting, the greater number of sinners will be reached and heated to the point of decision for Jesus Christ. Unless the fire is hot, all the work is of no avail, so that if you know how to pray, do it at prayer-meeting. Pray that every sinner who enters this building shall find his Lord and Saviour.

Next, the *ship*. The ship is the church. They told me that, in a United States destroyer, there are probably 750,000 rivets. The more rivets that a ship has, the better it is welded together, and the more able it is to withstand the storms. Therefore, the more sinners brought here and driven into the Gospel ship, the more steadfast and firm that ship will be.

Last, but by no means least, the *passer boy*. He is the personal worker. His job is to stand with a bucket and catch the white-hot rivets, take them

out with the tongs, and put them into the holes. It is the most dangerous job of all, with the least pay and the most abuse, but no job is more necessary. Every riveter's gang must have its "passer," because the riveter himself could not catch the rivet, put it into the hole, drop the tongs, pick up his hammer and drive the rivet. By that time the rivet would be cold. Every evangelistic campaign must have its personal workers. Indeed, it must have scores, hundreds, thousands, if possible. In fact, every Christian should be a passer, a personal worker. He may not get much of the lime-light, perhaps not so much of the praise, but if he fails in his part the ship will go to pieces.

I hear some of you say, "I'd like to be a passer, but I don't know how." One of the biggest things that appealed to me in the advertisement I read in the newspaper was the fact that it said in large type, "Experience not necessary." I went on the strength of those words. To be a personal worker, experience is not necessary. You can start out tonight and learn as you go along. Let me illustrate:

When we were in Rochester, New York, a young man, during the first week of the campaign, made his decision for Christ. He came up to my father and asked him for a prayer card, and stand-

ing there he wrote five names upon the card. Then he said, "Mr. Taylor, I am the only one in my family who has made the decision for Christ. I believe in prayer. I believe that God will save every one of them before this campaign closes. I want to ask you to pray with me for these five people. I also want to take five decision cards home with me, so that when the time comes I shall be ready." (You see, he not only had belief in prayer, but he had faith that God would answer his prayer.) Almost two weeks later, Thanksgiving day came around. They told us not to hold a meeting that night, because everybody would be too full of turkey to come to church. But at six-thirty the place was packed, and because we started so early, my father held a testimony meeting and asked the people who had anything to thank God for on this Thanksgiving, to get up and tell the rest of the folks about it.

The first one to stand up was this young man. He held the five decision cards in his hand, and he said, "I certainly have something to thank God for. Two weeks ago, I became a Christian. I was the only one in my family who had made the decision. I put my grandmother, my father, mother, brother and sister on a prayer list, and we have been praying for them for the past two

weeks. To-day, as we sat around the Thanksgiving dinner table, I looked at my father and said, ‘Father, we have a lot to thank God for to-day; don’t you think we ought to say grace for all the good things we have?’

“He said, ‘Why, yes, son, if you want to say grace we’ll bow our heads.’

“I said grace; then the opening was there, and I said, ‘Father, for two weeks we have been praying for you all, and if you have a lot to thank God for to-day, why don’t you thank Him by taking your stand for Jesus Christ? Here is the decision card that we use at the meetings. If you will make this decision, write your name and address on it and let me take it back to church with me to-night.’

“My father read the card, ‘I now accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour.’ Then he said, ‘Son, have you got a pencil?’

“I handed him a pencil, and he wrote his name and address. Then I handed a card to my mother and she did the same, then to my grandmother, and finally to my brother and sister. I have brought the cards back to-night, all of them signed. I certainly have something to thank God for to-day.”

That young man did more personal work in the first two weeks of his Christian life than a lot of

Christian people do in twenty-five years. He had no experience, but he had a great desire to see his loved ones brought to the same Saviour he had accepted. Therefore, he became a passer and passed on the Gospel to the folks at home. Without doubt you have friends or loved ones who are outside of the Kingdom. I don't care whether you are experienced or not. Have you a desire in your heart to see those friends and loved ones brought to Christ? If you have, go out with that great desire, and with the help of God, lead those people, if possible, into these meetings. Become an efficient passer of the Gospel, that they all may make the decision before these meetings close. In this song is the whole story; go home and live it out:

### PASS IT ON!

"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on!

'Twas not giv'n for thee alone; Pass it on!

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in Heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on!

"Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on!

Souls are groping in the night, Daylight gone;

Hold thy lighted lamp on high,

Be a star in some one's sky;

He may live who else would die—Pass it on!

“ Be not selfish in thy greed—Pass it on !  
Look upon thy brother's need—Pass it on !  
Live for self, you live in vain,  
Live for Christ, you live again,  
Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on ! ”

### III

## THE ETERNAL CITY

**T**HREE is nothing in this world that is eternal. What man builds, time destroys.

Travellers tell us of ancient ruins all over the world. In fact, minutes pass into hours, hours into weeks, weeks into years, years into centuries, and soon time will be no more, and when everything earthly has passed away, what will there be left? Your soul will be left and mine. We can all say we are travellers on the streets of time. We can all say, "Brief life is here our portion," but when we have finished this earthly travel, then where shall we spend eternity?

A certain lord kept a fool or a jester, as great men in olden times did for their amusement. One day this lord presented his fool with a staff and told him if he ever met a greater fool than himself he was to hand over the staff. Some time later the lord fell sick. He called his fool to his side and said, "I am going on a long journey."

The fool said, "When wilt thou return? Within a month?"

"No."

"Within a year?"

"No."

"When then? Never?"

"Never," replied the lord.

"And what preparation hast thou made for thy journey?" asked the fool.

"None, whatever," was the reply.

"What! Going away forever having made no preparation for your journey? Here, take my staff. I will never be guilty of such folly as that."

But this world is full of just such fools as that. They go on living day by day. They know there is an eternity to face and there is a God to meet, and yet, without doubt, there are some, fifty, sixty and seventy years old, who up to the present time have made no preparation for that eternity to which they soon must journey.

Were I to ask you, "Do you want to go to Heaven?" without doubt the vast majority of you would say, "Yes." If I asked you, "Do you want to go to Hell?" again you would say, "No." Well then, remember this. If you are ever going to Heaven, if you are ever going to find entrance to the Eternal City of God, you must make your preparation down here and have your passport when you go.

Just now I want to show you what a wonderful place this Eternal City is, and I hope by the Holy Spirit's power we will catch a glimpse of it in all its beauty, and decide to-night that we are going to start for that City of God.

*First of all, this City is an Eternal City because it is Sinless.* What a contrast to our earthly cities! Take a walk through any city that you know, London, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and I think that you will agree with me that every city is defiled by sin. Why, you only have to stand on your street corners to know that there is sin, or to look at the front page of any newspaper, glaring with the sin of the world. You have only to walk down the street, or into any house, or even to look into your own heart to prove there is sin. In fact, there is sin in us and on us and through us. We cannot pass God to enter that Eternal City unless that sin is removed.

"Well, how do I know that I am a sinner? Don't I have to wait until I stand before God to know whether I shall be saved or lost?"

Here is a man who has committed murder. He is before an English judge and jury. The jury have condemned the man to death. The judge with great solemnity puts on a little black skull cap and sentences the man to die. The man is taken from

that court room to a cell. He is kept in that cell for three consecutive Sundays after his condemnation. On the Monday morning following the third Sunday, he is hanged. What is he waiting for in the cell? Waiting to find out whether he is to be hung or not? To find out whether he is condemned? No. He has been condemned. Sentence is passed and he is only waiting for that condemnation to be put into execution. "As by one man sin came into the world, and death by sin, so death has passed upon all men, for all have sinned." The sentence of death is upon every man on account of sin, inherited sin, and the Book says, "He that believeth not is condemned already." Therefore, if you have not accepted God's remedy for sin, you are counted as a murderer, because you sanction the death of the Son of God by not accepting its sacrificial power to save from sin.

I ask you then with all honesty, "How do you expect to get into the Eternal City, where there is no sin, with sin upon you?" It is absolutely impossible. There is only one way to get there. That is, to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal substitute, and He, being the power that is divine, will remove the penalty of death and in its place give you eternal life and one day present you before His Father, spotless, sinless and stainless. and

you will have entrance to the Eternal City of God, where there is no sin.

*Second, the Eternal City is an Eternal City because it is Sorrowless.* We have many sorrows here, and I think it is a wonderful thing to look forward to the time when we shall dwell in a place where there is no sorrow.

But how is it possible that we, who are full of sorrow, can go to a sorrowless City? It is because Jesus Christ bore sorrow for us. He passed through the sorrow of the Garden of Gethsemane, when the grief of the world was laid upon His shoulders, and He said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." He wept at the grave of Lazarus. He passed through the pain and the suffering, the anguish and the death of the Cross, when He, who knew no sin, was made sin for us. There was no water to quench His maddening thirst, no pillow on which to lay His aching head. He was forsaken by His friends and forsaken by God, for He cried, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Why did God forsake His own Son? Why did He turn His face away? Because God cannot look upon sin, and all the hideousness of your sin and my sin was laid upon the white, spotless Lamb of God. Look at Him, thorned-crowned, nail-pierced,

face more marred than any man, murdered,—the only begotten Son of God.

“ Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut His glory in,  
When Christ, the incarnate Maker died,  
For man, His Creator’s, sin.

He bore on the Tree,  
The sentence for me,  
And now both the surety,  
And sinner are free.”

Will you accept His sacrifice? Will you accept His love? Will you let His blood cleanse you from all sin? Does He not compel your admiration? Will you not fall at His feet just now and crown Him, Lord of All? Start now for the sorrowless City of God.

*Third, this City is an Eternal City because it is the Habitation of Jesus Christ.* A young woman had fallen into a canal. A young man with all his clothes on dived in after her. He rescued her, laid her, unconscious, upon the bank, then hurried away to change his clothes. Quite a crowd soon gathered, and as the girl regained consciousness, they noticed she kept looking around for something, and some one thought perhaps she had lost some money. So they took up a collection for her, and they got one pound, seventeen shillings, and

nine pence. They came and handed her the money. She looked at it, pushed it away, and continued to look all over the crowd. At last some one asked her whom she was seeking. She said, "Why, I want to see the man that saved me. I want to thank him."

Christian men and women, we want to see the man who saved us. We want to thank Him for all He did for us. We want to see Him glorified, King of kings, and Lord of lords. For that face that was once so marred and the body that was once so lacerated, is now shining with glory and honour, and we know without the Light of the World being there, the Eternal City would cease to be Heaven.

"On land or sea  
No matter where,  
Where Jesus is,  
'Tis Heaven there."

Why, the very light of Heaven is the face of Jesus. "Face to face, what will it be, when with rapture I behold Him, Jesus Christ who died for me." Not only will Jesus be there, but all those who have accepted Him. We shall mix and mingle with martyrs, "We shall be known as we are known, never more in sin to roam."

If I could only take a walk down those golden

streets, I should meet a lot of people I would like to meet. Here is a man singing. Let's ask him who he is.

“Why, I am the dying thief. As I hung beside Jesus on the Cross, I cried, ‘Lord, remember me.’ He said, ‘This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise,’ and I have been here ever since, praising His name.”

“And who are you with face so joyful?”

“Why, I am the one who plaited the crown of thorns and put it upon His brow, and as I stood beside the Cross, I heard Him cry, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ That love broke my heart. I accepted Him as my Saviour and I have been here ever since praising His name.”

“And who are you?”

“Why, I am the Philippian jailor. I heard Paul and Silas singing a duet at midnight. Then the earthquake came. I was afraid and I cried, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ They said, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’ That moment I believed, and I have been here many years singing the praises of Jesus.”

“And where were you converted?”

“Oh, that was when Peter preached at Pentecost”

“ And where were you born again? ”  
“ When Philip preached in Samaria.”  
“ And when did you receive everlasting life? ”  
“ When Paul preached at Mars Hill.”  
“ And when did you become a Christian? ”  
“ Why, don’t you remember me? I sat in one of your audiences listening to your sermon on the Eternal City, and I decided if I could get there I would start that night. I did, and here I am singing the praises of Jesus.”

Oh, may that be true of every individual in this building to-night. “ For they shall come from the North, the South, the East, and the West and shall sit down, a multitude which no man can number,” and yet “ only those who are saved shall walk in the light of it.” “ These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Shall you be there? Only if you are saved will you, for no sin enters there.

A man through adversity wandered away from God. (God sometimes knocks hard at a person’s heart, but His loving kindness waits long.) God wanted this man for Himself. He knocked at his heart by taking away one of his five beautiful children. As the man followed that child to the grave his heart rebelled against God. Why should God

if He were a God of love, take away a child out of the world before it had reached the age of maturity? But God spoke again and took away another and another, until He had taken four out of the five, and it seemed as if the man's heart grew solid like granite. God was not a God of love. God was a God of hate, of vengeance, or He would not have tried him as He had. The man had only one little girl left. She was nine summers old, the pride of his life, the joy of his heart, the very apple of his eye. He loved that little girl better than he loved his own soul. Every day when he came home from the coal mine, she would be at the garden gate to meet him and she would put her little white hand into his great big dirty one and they would walk up the garden path together.

But one day he came home and there was no little girl to meet him. A foreboding of evil swept over him. When he came into the house his wife said to him, "Don't make a noise. Our little one has had a fit. The doctor says she cannot last many hours." The man with his heart in his throat walked up the stairs to the bedroom and there saw his only little child lying unconscious upon the bed. He knelt down beside her and put his head in his hands. Presently the little girl regained consciousness. She called out, "Daddy." At last she found

him. Throwing her arms around his neck she said, "Daddy, sing."

He said, "I cannot sing."

"Oh, yes, Daddy. Sing that song I learned at the Sunday School."

So to please his little girl he tried to sing:

"Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,  
Here is no rest, here is no rest."

At the end of that line he broke down, but the little girl pressed him more tightly and said, "Daddy, do sing."

He said, "I can't. I'm choking."

"Oh, yes, Daddy. Sing, 'Sweet is the Promise.'"

So, to please his little girl he tried once more.

"Sweet is the promise I read in the word,  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,  
Where they have gone to receive their reward,  
There, there is rest, there is rest."

She kissed him and said, "That's it, Daddy. That's it."

Three hours later she died. Three days later he stood by the grave side of his only little child. Never had his heart been so hard. Never had he rebelled so much. God had taken practically

everything in the world that he loved, and yet some people talked of the God of love. But as he stood looking over that grave, once more God spoke to his soul. He had a vision. He saw a shepherd wanting to get a flock of sheep across a stream and they would not face the water. So the shepherd bent down, picked up a lamb and put it under his arm. He bent down and picked up another and put it under his other arm, then waded across the stream and set the lambs on the other side. The lambs began to cry and the whole flock of sheep went over. God had taken the lambs to His fold. They could never come back to him, but he, by the grace of God, could go to them, and that was that man's conversion.

Perhaps there are men and women here to-night who in their lives have had a lot of sorrow, bereavement, anxiety, worry and pain. You have forgotten God or you have tried to keep Him out of your life. You have rebelled. Men and women, God has been speaking to you, perhaps in a hard way, but His loving kindness and tender mercy have caused Him to wait. Will you not to-night come to Him? Some of your friends are now on the other side. Perhaps your mother is in that Eternal City, your father, your son or your daughter. They can never come back to you, but if

you will accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour you can meet them around the throne in Heaven and be a united family throughout the countless ages of eternity.

The Eternal City awaits you. Your friends are there. Jesus is there. Say from the very depths of your soul to-night, "God helping me, I will be there too."

## IV

### A SERMON OF TWO WORDS

**T**WO words from the nineteenth chapter of Luke and the forty-second verse: "*Thy day.*" The verse reads, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace. But now they are hid from thine eyes."

These words form one of the most pathetic utterances that ever escaped the lips of Jesus. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." They rejected Him as their Messiah, and as He stood looking over the City of Jerusalem He wept, crying, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

Josephus, the great historian of the Jews, tells

how, seventy years later, that prophecy was fulfilled. In the terrible war of Jerusalem, the streets ran blood and the stones were thrown down until not one was left upon another. From that day to this, the Jews have been a nation scattered to the four quarters of the earth, without a home. Why? Because they refused to see their day of visitation.

But it is not of the Jews that I want to speak, nor of Jerusalem. I want to bring it nearer home, and with the help of God apply those two words to three different classes of people living in this city to-day. They may all be represented in this meeting.

First: *Sinner*, this is "*Thy Day*."

A celebrated artist was once asked why he took such minute pains with his pictures. He turned to the man who had asked the question and said, "Man, I am painting for eternity!"

Sinner, what are you living for—to eat, sleep, work, enjoy life—is that all? Have you forgotten that most important part about you, your soul, the part of you that is immortal, that will live when this earthly body is gone? That soul must spend eternity somewhere. Have you attended to its eternal destiny? What is this life compared to eternity? At best, we are here but a few years; but eternity has no end, and we must face the issue,

heaven or hell, life or death. Sinner, this is "*Thy Day.*"

A prodigal son was called to the death-bed of his father.

His father said to him, "Son, I can die happy if you will promise me one thing."

The son said, "What is it, father?"

The reply was, "When I am dead and in my coffin, I want you to come into the room where I am, sit beside me alone, and for five minutes think about your soul, and where you will spend eternity."

The young man hesitated, at last gave the desired promise, and when his father lay in his coffin, he went to fulfill that promise. He sat beside his father's body and began to think of his past life; he began to think of the eternity he had to face, and I tell you, men and women, he was not thinking sixty seconds of that five minutes before he dropped down on his knees and cried to God for mercy. Why is it that the vast majority of people in this world to-day are not Christians? Why is it that most of them are outside of the Kingdom?

I'll tell you why—because they do not think. What! Haven't we got a great many thinking people in the United States? Yes. You can get a person to think of politics, social service, human-

itarianism, even of religion; but when it comes to the salvation of his individual soul, he doesn't think. He does not want to think. That is why some do not come to evangelistic meetings such as this, because we are here primarily to make people think, and people do not want to be aroused and made to think of such an important thing as the salvation of their souls. But sinner, this is for you God's day of grace, and I urge you and plead with you, don't trifle, don't miss your opportunity, but think, think as you never thought before, what you will do with Jesus Christ. To-day, if you hear His voice, harden not your heart. Now is the accepted time. To-day is the day of salvation.

Second: *Backslider*, this is "*Thy Day*."

God says, "He that putteth his hand to the plow, and turneth back, is not fit for the Kingdom of Heaven."

The backslider is the most miserable man on earth. He cannot enjoy the society of the world, and he does not enjoy the society of God's people. He is just like a fish out of water. The backslider often reminds me of a porter in an English station who was marching up and down with a great big Newfoundland dog attached to a chain. The station-master came to him and said:

"Man, why are you marching that dog up and

down? Why don't you put him in somewhere? Where is he bound for?"

The porter said, "I don't know, sir; he's eaten his directions."

That's just like a backslider—sinned away his directions; drank away his directions; blasphemed away his directions, until if you go to him and say, "My brother, which way are you travelling, up or down, broad or narrow way?" he would not be able to tell you.

He is just like an engineer starting out on a railroad track. He doesn't know where he is going, what his destination is, whether he is going to be derailed or side-tracked. He's just going on without any directions. I don't want to ride on that train. My brother, are you riding on that train to-night? If you are, go to headquarters and get your directions.

A soldier who had been mortally wounded was carried to a hospital tent. A nurse came to him and said, "Comrade, is there anything I can do for you?"

He looked into her face so pitifully, and said, "Nurse, can you undo?"

She said, "I don't know what you mean."

The reply was: "A few weeks ago a lad came into our barracks, straight from a Christian home.

At night he used to kneel down and say his prayers. I was one who threw my boots at him, until at last we knocked out of him all the religion he had. Yesterday we were standing together in the firing line, when a bullet whizzed past me and caught him. He fell dead, but as he fell, a terrible oath escaped his lips. Oh, nurse, that young man's soul lies at my door—can you undo?"

Backslider, you can never undo your past. You will never forgive and forget yourself. But if you will come back to God, to the Christ that you have wandered away from, He will forgive and forget freely. He will blot out your sin and put it behind His back, never to be remembered against you forever.

You are not the only backslider.

Samson, the mighty Samson, was a backslider, but when he came back to God and confessed his sin, he did more for God in the last act of his life than in all the previous acts put together.

David, the beautiful psalmist King of Israel, was a backslider, but when he came back to God and confessed his sin, he was inspired to write one of the most wonderful psalms the world has ever had:

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not

away from Thy presence, and take not Thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

Peter, whose name means a rock, Peter who said, "Though all men deny Thee, yet will not I." Peter was a backslider; he blasphemed his Lord, but when he came back to Him, knelt at His feet and confessed his sin, he was so filled with power that he preached the Pentecostal sermon that led three thousand souls to Christ.

Their past was never forgotten nor forgiven by themselves, but God forgot, and God forgave. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1: 9).

"Though I forget Him and wander away,  
Yet He doth love me wherever I stray.  
Back to His dear loving arms will I flee,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me."

Third: *Christian*, this is "*Thy Day*."

We who profess to be saved from the punishment of sin, and the power of sin, and one day hope to be saved from the very presence of sin—what are we saved for?

A wife went out to Australia with three children. While on the water, a storm arose; the ship was lost; the three children were lost with it; the wife was saved. When she got to Australia, she cabled her husband. In the cablegram were two words. When the husband received it, the first word made his heart glad. The second word nearly broke it. The two words were, "Saved alone."

I wonder sometimes if, when you and I, as Christians, stand at the judgment seat of Christ, if that is going to be our answer—"saved alone"—not one soul with which to greet Him; not once have we ever gone out of our way to lead a soul from darkness into light. Not once have we ever lifted a little finger to bring some sinner into the Kingdom. Oh, *we* are saved! What does it matter about the other fellow, so long as *we* get to Heaven—what do we care!

How many of us believe that

"They are passing, passing fast away,  
One hundred thousand souls a day,  
To Christless guilt and gloom.

Oh, Christian, what wilt thou say,  
When in that awful judgment day,  
They charge thee with their doom?"

We are saved, not to become selfish, but to become the saviours of others.

The Reverend C. Simeon had in his study, over his desk, a picture of the flaming Henry Martyn. The flaming Henry Martyn preached his young life away at the age of thirty-three. Whenever the Reverend C. Simeon looked at that picture, it seemed to say to him, "Be in earnest! Don't trifling! Souls are at stake!" Would to God I could hold up to you such a picture as that. If only you could see your Christ, with the sorrows of the world upon His shoulders, shedding His blood upon the cross for you, I am sure you would realize that we must be intensely in earnest; we must quit trifling; eternal, immortal souls are at stake, and this is our day. If we fail in this day, we shall fail in that great day when we must give an account of our stewardship to Him who gave His all for us.

Richard Weaver, when he was ill, one night had a dream. He dreamed that he was taken up to the gates of Heaven, that an angel came and took him by the hand, led him around the battlements of Heaven, and told him to look over into the world he had come from.

The angel said, "What do you see?"

He said, "I see men and women blindfolded."

The angel said, "What else do you see?"

He said, "I see them hurrying on toward a

pit, into which they are falling in tens of thousands."

The angel said, "Do you see anything else?"

He said, "Yes, I see that there seems to be no one to stop them, no one to warn them, and no one to undo the bandages from their eyes."

The angel said, "Will you come and spend eternity now with us, or will you go back for ten years to that world from which you have come, and undo the bandages from the eyes of these men and women?"

He said, "I'll go back."

He awoke. For ten years he lived, and he went up and down England, Scotland and Wales, undoing the bandages from the eyes of tens of thousands of men and women who were going post-haste to the pit of destruction. He realized that the angel had given him ten years. That was to be his day, and all the work he was to do must be done in that period of time.

Most Christian people live to-day as if they had five hundred years for their day. How do we know how long our day will be? Your day may be finished before the end of this campaign. Perhaps in less than two weeks you may be called. Therefore, in this, your day, get out and do some-

thing to undo the bandages from men and women's eyes. Bring them to the meetings; persuade them to accept Christ. Try to win a star for your crown.

A father took his little child into a field. He let her wander about, picking daisies and buttercups, while he lay on the grass and went to sleep. He slept for two hours. At the end of that time, he awoke and looked around for his little girl, but she was nowhere to be found. He walked all over the field. At last he came to the edge of a precipice, and looking down to the bottom he saw the form of his child. How he blamed himself! How he condemned himself for going to sleep!—but it was too late. The child was already in eternity, and he could do nothing to bring her back.

I believe there will be thousands of Christians in eternity who will say, "I intended to do something for God. I intended to save some poor sinner. I intended to lead my friends and loved ones to Christ. I intended to have many stars in my crown. I fully expected to work in my day for the salvation of lost souls." But then it will be too late. These souls that are all around you today may be lost in eternity, because you have failed in your part in your day to show them the way of life.

“ Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,  
Soon will these souls reach eternity's shore.  
Haste, then, my brother, haste, then, my sister,  
There is no time for delay,  
But let's throw out the life line and save them  
to-day.”

Do I hear you say, “ Yes, I'm willing. I want to do my part. Here I am, use me. But what shall I tell them—how shall I talk to them? How shall I convince them? What is the right word to say?” Simply

“ Tell them the story of Jesus,  
Impress on their hearts every word.  
Tell them the story most precious,  
Sweetest that ever was heard.

“ Tell how the angels in chorus  
Sang as they welcomed His birth,  
Glory to God in the highest,  
Peace and good tidings to earth.

“ Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,  
Tell of His anguish and pain;  
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,  
Tell how He liveth again.

“ There's love in that story, so tender,  
Clearer than ever I see;  
Glory forever to Jesus,  
He saved a poor sinner like me.”

# V

## FOUR CORNER MEN

**W**HAT is faith?

The greatest definition of faith is the one given by the Apostle Paul. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The greatest modern definition of faith, I think, was given by a little girl, who, when asked what faith was, said, "It means taking God at His word and asking no questions."

I am not going to talk to you about what faith is, but I am going to try to show you what faith can do when put into action. In the second chapter of Mark I read to you the story of the Four Corner Men, who took the man sick with the palsy to Jesus and in the fifth verse it says, "and when Jesus saw their faith He said unto the man sick of the palsy, 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.'"

*First of all, the faith of these four men was a Visible Faith. "When Jesus saw their faith —"*

It is hard for some people to understand there is a faith that can be seen. It is visible because it is demonstrated. The faith of these men was visible in its *Sympathy*, practical sympathy. Lots of people have sympathy, but it is not practical. For instance, you might be sorry for some poor lost sinner because he is a lost sinner, but unless you try to help him, what is the good of your sympathy? "Pity without relief is like mustard without beef." These men might have had sympathy with this poor fellow who could not help himself, but until their sympathy was fired with the energy to pick him up and carry him to Jesus, it didn't amount to much.

On a corner in Brooklyn, New York, stands an old blind man selling newspapers. You cannot buy a newspaper from any newsboy on that corner but that old blind man. A gentleman stood on that corner one day, not seeing the old man, but he did see a boy running by with a sheaf of papers under his arm. He called out, "Here, boy, I want a paper." The boy never even stopped. The gentleman was rather astonished, because these boys are generally very much on the job. He waited until he saw another boy, but the second boy did exactly as the first had done. The third boy that came along the gentleman stopped and said, "I have

tried to buy a newspaper from two different boys. Now what is the idea? Don't you want to sell them?"

The boy said, "No, sir. Not on this corner, because this is Blindy's corner, and the newsboys would mob me if I were to sell you a paper on the corner that belongs to him."

That is what I call practical sympathy.

If you have friends here, loved ones, who are unsaved and you are sorry for them, put that sympathy into action by trying to show them the way to God. Even as these four men, carry them in the arms of faith to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Again the faith of these four men was visible in its *unity*. You realize that they kept together. Supposing half-way along the road two of them had said, "It is very hot to-day. We guess you will have to excuse us. We feel we cannot carry this man any further." If this had been the case, the two remaining men would have had to do the work of the four men, making their work doubly hard, and yet that is the way most churches are being run to-day. Instead of every church member being united for the one object of bringing men and women to Christ, a great majority fail or get tired of work and the faithful few have to do it all.

Now, if this campaign is going to be a success, we must be united. All little things must be put on one side. Denominationalism must not count, for we are here altogether for just one object, that is, to save souls. Some of you may say, "Well, I don't like evangelists. I never did. They are so noisy. They are too sensational."

Did you ever see a sheep dog trying to get a flock of sheep into a fold? He barks and in fact makes an awful lot of noise; sometimes even snaps at the hind feet of the laggards, but you never see the shepherd quarrel with the dog because he makes a lot of noise. The shepherd wants to get the sheep into the fold and he lets the dog accomplish it in his own way. All right, you can class the evangelist as a sheep dog if you want to. To get the sheep into the fold he has to make a lot of noise sometimes, and if they are too slow he has to bite some of them, but the shepherd doesn't complain, because after the sheep are in the fold he can look after them.

Again, did you ever see a quarryman? He goes down into the quarry and digs, dynamites and blows the rock to pieces. He makes an awful noise, but his object is to get the rock out of the quarry and he accomplishes that object, then sends the stone to the stone-mason to polish. The evan-

gelist is a quarryman. He goes down into the quarry of sin to delve and blast and blow the rocks to pieces, but after he has gotten them out of the quarry he hands them over to the stone-mason, that is, the preacher, to polish.

In other words, my friend, the question is, are you going to work in this campaign because you like the evangelist or are you going to refuse to work because you don't like the evangelist, or are you going to do the very best you can because you love the Lord and you are trying to serve Him? You are not working for the evangelist. You are working for the Almighty God, and one can chase a thousand, but two can put ten thousand to flight. In unity there is strength. Faith can remove mountains. There are three kinds of Christians, workers, shirkers and grumblers. If you are a grumbler, you are of no use to this campaign. If you are a shirker, we cannot do very much with you, but if you are a worker, we need you unitedly, whole-heartedly for the cause.

*Second, the faith of these men was a Victorious Faith.* Victorious because of its perseverance. They stopped for nothing. You just imagine if these men had been living to-day. Here is the bed. A man is sick upon it. They have carried him to the door of the house. The place is jammed.

They cannot go through the door. They wanted to do a good deed but here they cannot go any further. Why, if they had been living to-day, they would have said, "Well, gentlemen, I guess we cannot go any further until we go back and call a committee meeting and if the trustees pass on the advisability of tearing up the roof —" and of course, by that time Jesus would have gone. But these four men held a committee meeting right on the spot, and one of them said, "I vote we tear up the roof."

Another one said, "Well, I guess that will cost quite a little money, won't it?"

I imagine the man who was sick said, "Never mind the money. Go ahead, tear up the roof. If I can be healed, I will soon be able to pay for the roof."

So one man went to get a rope; the rest of them climbed on the roof and began to tear it up and it was not made of tissue paper either. It took some muscle to tear up that roof, but they persevered until they had a hole large enough, and they let down the bed with the man on it right in front of Jesus, as He was talking to the crowd.

Think of it! It certainly was unconventional and it could not have been according to the best theology of the day. I doubt if these men knew,

anything about theology, but they knew a lot about stickology, and "when Jesus saw their faith, He said unto the man, 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.'"

"Thy sins be forgiven thee." "Why, we took him to get his body healed?"

Yes, but God always gives you more than you come for, and instead of healing the man's body first, which was a temporal thing, He healed his soul, which is an eternal thing. So the man not only got his body healed, but he got his soul healed, which was more than they asked for. God is willing to do more for us than we can ask or think.

If we will go ahead and persevere in our work to win men and women for God, we can have the greatest campaign this city has ever had.

"Well, I would like to do something, but I am so inexperienced."

In one of our recent campaigns I came across a wonderful case of personal work. An old man, seventy years old or more, had been going to church for perhaps forty years, had heard all kinds of sermons on all kinds of personal work. Yet none of them seemed to touch him until the pastor of the church preached one just before I arrived. The old man went to him after the service and

said, " Pastor, I guess I am getting to the end of my day and I would like to win one soul for Christ before I die. How can I do it?"

The pastor told him how to go about it, told him that a good opportunity would come during the meetings, to invite the person he was going after to come and listen to the gospel.

You would think that an old man would have started in by taking some young person whose mind was receptive and whose heart was open to lead to Christ. But, no, sir, he went and picked out one of the dirtiest old reprobates in that town. He had known him practically all his life.

The old man said to him, " I want you to come with me next Sunday to hear Charles Taylor, the boy evangelist."

He said, " What, me go to church! I guess not."

The next day the old man asked him again and he swore at him. Again he asked him the next day and the man said, " If you don't stop pestering me about that preacher, I am going to hit you one." But the old man just went ahead, kept asking him and asking him, and sure enough Sunday night in he came. He looked like an old sinner. He listened to the sermon very attentively and the old man took him home. Monday night

he was there again. Tuesday night. Wednesday night, and sure enough he came every night until the second Sunday night. Then when I asked all those who would take their stand for Christ, to come out of their seats, come down the aisle and take me by the hand, this man was the first man down the aisle; the old man came right after him, tears of joy running down his face. After the meeting I heard him say to the pastor of the church, "Pastor, do you think I will have a star in my crown now?"

The pastor said, "You sure will, and I know it is going to be a bright one."

Do you folks realize how that old man won that sinner to Christ? By his personal perseverance. Never giving in, never giving up, but determining to win that man to Christ. Oh, that you would have the same steadfastness of purpose, the same passion for souls, the same perseverance, then all your faith would be Victorious Faith.

"Oh, for a passionate passion for souls,  
    Oh, for a pity that yearns,  
Oh, for a love that loves unto death,  
    Oh, for the fire that burns.  
Oh, for the prayer praying power that prevails,  
    That pours out its soul for the lost,  
Oh, for a mighty Pentecost."

Solo.

“Lord, as of old at Pentecost,  
Thou didst Thy power display,  
With cleansing, purifying flame,  
Descend on us to-day.  
Speak, Lord, before Thy throne we wait,  
Thy promise we believe,  
And wilt not let Thee go  
Until Thy blessing we receive.  
Lord, send the old time power,  
The Pentecostal power,  
That sinners be converted,  
And Thy name glorified.”

## VI

### A TREMENDOUS WORD OF FOUR LETTERS

**A**GENTLEMAN once went to a lady's house for tea. While there a little girl brought a birthday text book and asked him to write in it. He did so. When he had finished he handed the book back to the little girl. Just as she was putting it away, he said, "Would you mind handing me that birthday book back again? I have another birthday I would like to write in it."

She handed back the book and he wrote his second birthday, then he explained to her what it meant.

"The first date, that I put in the book, is the day upon which I was born into this world, a sinner. The second date was the day upon which I was born again by God's spirit."

He left the home. Some time later a lady came. Down came the birthday text book again and the lady was requested to write her name in it. She did so, then handed the book back to the little girl.

The little girl said, "Won't you write your second birthday?"

The lady said, "Second birthday? Why, I have only one birthday."

"Well," said the little girl, "a gentleman here the other day said he had two birthdays. He was born into this world, a sinner upon one date and born again by God's spirit upon another date."

"Ah," said the lady, "I know nothing of that."

She left the home. Three days later she returned and said to the little girl, "Would you mind lending me that birthday text book again? Since I was here three days ago I have received a second birthday."

The words of the child had so impressed themselves upon her mind that they had made her see her need of a second birthday.

Without doubt, I have two classes of people before me. Those who have been born once and those who have been born twice. Born once, die twice, born twice, die once,—perhaps not that.

In the third chapter of John, seventh verse, we read, "*Ye must be born again.*"

A young man was handing out tracts on board an English liner. He came upon one English gentleman and handed him a tract. On it were the

words, "Are you a Christian?" The English gentleman looked at the young man in disdain and said, "Do you think I am a dog?"

Just because he was born in Christian England, he thought it must be that he was a Christian. Don't sit here with the idea that just because you were born in Christian America or Christian Canada or any other so-called Christian country, you are a Christian. Being born into a Christian home doesn't make you a Christian. Being born into a Christian community doesn't make you a Christian. If you have only been born once, "*Ye must* be born again."

*M-U-S-T.* I always did like that word. It is so definite, so clear, no beating around the bush. It stands alone. It states facts plainly. Of course, some people object to it. They say it is too strong a word. It should say, "*You should* be born again," or "*You ought* to be born again," or, "*Perhaps it would* be better for you to be born again," and they don't like the word "*must*." The word is, "*Ye must* be born again."

Oliver Cromwell once sat to have his portrait painted. When it was finished, the artist made him a present of it. Oliver Cromwell held it up and said, "Who is this?"

The artist said, "It is yourself, sir."

"What!" said Cromwell. "Myself? Where is the wart on my face?"

"Well," said the artist, "I thought you would look better without it, sir. So I left it off."

"Why, man," said Cromwell, "I wanted a portrait of myself, wart and all."

But Cromwell was a different type of man from the man of to-day. The man of to-day doesn't want to be painted as he is; he wants to be painted better than he is (and I would not exclude the ladies. They get away with it better than the men do). For instance, you go to the photographer's to have your picture taken. If he were to give you your face exactly as it comes out on the plate, you would turn it down and say it didn't look like you. But after the artist sits down for a few hours and makes about five thousand tiny little marks on your face, taking out a wrinkle here and a blemish there, making you look ten times better than you ever will look, you say, "Isn't that fine? I will take a dozen of those."

But when men come face to face with God's camera, the Bible, they find a camera that does no touching up. It shows you just as you are, not only on the outside, but on the inside, and of course that hurts.

I hear a man say, "It doesn't mean me. I am

no drunkard, thief nor liar. I am a respectable citizen of the United States of America and that second birthday only applies to men who are down and out."

Once upon a time a man was talking to Jesus. This man was no thief nor liar. He was a respectable citizen of Jerusalem. He was a member of the Sanhedrim, and Jesus said to him, "Marvel not that I say unto you, ye *must* be born again."

Now Nicodemus could put up as good an argument as any man in this building, but Jesus said, "Marvel not." Therefore, it applies to you even if you are just exactly as you say you are, a respectable, religious, cultured, amiable sinner. "Ye *must* be born again, and except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Born once, die twice; born twice, die once. "Ye *must* be born again."

The second **MUST** is in the third chapter of John, fourteenth verse; Jesus *must* be lifted up. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up."

A terrible fire was raging in Liverpool. The fire engines had arrived. The fire escapes had not. There was a man in the fifth story crying for help. Some one rushed for a ladder. They put it up to the burning building, but to the horror of the

crowd, it was just six feet short. A sailor in the crowd saw what happened. He pushed his way through, ran up the ladder, as hard as ever he could. When he came to the top, he put his feet upon the top rung of the ladder, his hands upon the window-sill, and then told the man above him to climb down his body to safety. The man did so and he was saved, but when the sailor came down, his hands and face were terribly scorched. They took him to the hospital.

To save that man in the fifth story it needed the length of a man. To save your soul and mine it needs the length of a man. Not an ordinary man, not an imperfect man, but an extraordinary, absolutely perfect man. A man in whom there is no blemish, no spot, a man without sin; and that man came in the person of Jesus Christ. "And be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man, Christ Jesus, is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Only through Him can you obtain forgiveness of sins; only when you accept Him as your personal substitute, lifted up from the earth, hanging upon a Cross, that you might live, can you ever know what it is to have passed from death unto life.

A blind man in London was reading from an embossed Bible. He was reading the fourth of

Acts. When he got to the twelfth verse, he lost his place. He had read as far as "None other name," then his fingers began to wander all over the Bible. Then he began to repeat aloud, "None other name, none other name." A crowd soon gathered. They were amused at the blind man trying to find his place in the Bible, but one young man at the back of the crowd heard the words, "None other name." As he walked away he could not get them out of his mind. That night when he got home he opened the Bible, that he had not opened for years, and he read, "There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we *must* be saved."

That is the third *must*. "There is none other name." It is the same Name that brought Peter back on the day of Pentecost and enabled him to preach a sermon that was the means of the conversion of three thousand souls. It is the same Name that fired Paul with such missionary zeal, that he overcame all obstacles, stood before kings and governors unafraid, felt the lash upon his back, fought with beasts at Ephesus and eventually was beheaded, for the Name. It is the same Name that enabled Martin Luther to turn Germany upside down and inside out. It is the same Name that enabled John Knox so to pray that even the Queen

trembled upon her throne. It is the same Name that sent D. L. Moody through the United States, and up and down England and Scotland leading thousands of souls into an acceptance of the Name. It is the same Name that sent J. Wilbur Chapman as a flaming fire around the world; the same Name that has saved my father, and my mother, and the same Name that has saved me, and "there is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Are you resting upon that Name for your soul's salvation? If not, then may I ask you, what are you resting upon? What is your hope for salvation? Shall I mention a few things? Prayers, forms, ceremonies, works, doing-your-best?

Listen! An artist was painting the interior of a dome of a great cathedral. He had a scaffolding erected, servants to hand him the paint pots. He toiled many months upon that work of art. Then one day with a brush in his hand, he began stepping back on the scaffolding to view the result of his work. As he stepped back, his servant noticed that if he took one step more he would fall over and be dashed to pieces on the stone floor below. He dared not shout to him for fear it would cause him to lose his balance, but he must do something and do it quickly. He saw a paint brush. He

bent down, picked it up and with all his might, threw it at his master's work of art that had taken months to accomplish. His master, trying to save it, rushed forward. The painting was spoiled, but his life was saved. When he learned why his servant had done it, he thanked him.

Oh, may I say it reverently to-night! Let me take the paint brush of God's word and throw it at all your prayers, all your forms, all your ceremonies and all your works, for God says, "Not of works lest any man should boast." Let me throw it at your righteousness, for the word says, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done but by His mercy He saved us." "All your righteousnesses are as filthy rags." You say you are doing your best. Your best is not good enough for God. Let me throw this word at all these things, if you are resting upon them for your soul's salvation and if you want to know how to work the works of God, this is the work of God, "That ye believe in Him whom God hath sent." Neither is there salvation in any other, for "There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we *must* be saved."

The last *must* is in the eleventh of Hebrews, and the sixth verse. "He that cometh to God must believe." I suppose that this text is one of

the hardest texts in the world for a great many men to get around, for men seem to be able to do anything but believe, and when you come to simple, childlike faith, they say that they cannot believe unless they can see for themselves. Without doubt, unbelief is one of the unpardonable sins, for you cannot do anything with a man who refuses to believe, and “he that believeth not is condemned already,” for “he that cometh to God *must* believe.”

Men say, “I cannot believe. For instance, I cannot believe in the divinity of Christ. It requires too much faith.”

But if they fully realized what they were talking about, they would understand that they exercise just as much faith, if not more faith every day of their lives, than is necessary to believe in the divinity of Christ.

For instance, if I were to ask you if you believed in the wind, you would say, “Yes.” Yet you cannot understand it, and you cannot see it, and you do not know where it comes from or where it goes. Perhaps you will say, “But I can feel it.” Well, I am sure that any man who accepts Christ as his personal Saviour will feel the power of the Holy Spirit in his life as a mighty wind. Again, you believe in electricity, but you cannot under-

stand it. There is no formula for it; but you say you see it demonstrated in light. When Christ comes into a man's heart and soul He is the light of the world, and He is demonstrated not only as the light, but as the life. Again you learned when you went to school that the sun is ninety-three million miles away from the earth and you believe it, and you allow your children to go to school, to hear it and accept it. Yet you never travelled that space. No astronomer has ever been there. You say, "But by telescope and the speed of light it has been proven." Well, it has not been proven by your reason, but by your faith in the instruments man produced to tell the speed of light and the measure of astronomical miles.

I know that God is in His Heaven. I know that Christ left Heaven to die for me. I know that He is the only begotten Son of God, and I know it because of the Book that God produced telling me how and why Jesus came, and I don't think it requires any more faith to believe in astronomy and the accomplished facts of astronomy than it does to believe in the Deity of the Son of God, Jesus Christ. If only men could get back to their child-like faith and believe, how easy it would be for them to find God, because, "He that cometh to

God *Must* believe" that "He is the rewarder of those who diligently seek Him."

As I look around this audience I can see some dressed in black. It tells me that some of you have loved ones who have gone before. One day I walked into a gentleman's house. On the mantel-shelf there was a picture of a boy about thirteen years of age, lying upon a bed of sickness. I asked the gentleman who the boy was. He said, "That was my own son. When he was a baby the nurse who was carrying him up-stairs let him fall. The fall injured his spine. For thirteen years he lay upon a bed of sickness before God took him away. He was a good Christian boy and often did he help me in my daily life and work. The night he died his mother was sitting beside him and he suddenly said, 'Mother, call Father. Call brothers and sisters.' And when we had gathered around his bed, and he had bidden us all 'Good-bye,' he turned to me as he waved his hand over the coverlet of the bed and said, 'Father, I am going onward, upward, homeward.' As he said the words, his hand dropped and he went into eternity."

Your faith is not now as it ought to be. You can remember when you too sat around the bed and you watched your father, or your mother, or your child go onward, upward, homeward, and if

you will think back you will remember that you promised that you would meet them in Heaven. Will you? If you believe, you will. If not, you are travelling onward certainly, but instead of upward you are travelling downward, and instead of Heavenward you are travelling Hellward, and you will never meet them there.

"Now is the accepted time" when you can make your definite decision to start upward, and homeward, for remember, "Ye *must* be born again." "Jesus *must* be lifted up in your life." "There is none other name whereby we *must* be saved." "He that cometh to God *must* believe." Come to Jesus, as you are, right now.

"A dear one in Heaven thy heart yearns to see,  
At the beautiful gate may be watching for  
thee,  
Then list to the note of this solemn refrain,  
    Ye must be born again,  
    Ye must be born again,  
    I verily, verily, say unto you,  
    Ye must be born again."

## VII

### 'ASLEEP IN CHURCH

**I**NSOMNIA, or sleeplessness, is a disease causing the doctors a great deal of trouble. It is seemingly very hard to cure, and the best thing for the patient is to take a long rest, and get away from worry. But, strange as it may seem, I don't know of any people who suffer from this disease in church, but on the contrary I have known people who apparently could not get relief anywhere else, who the moment that they struck a pew and began to listen to a sermon, would go fast asleep.

An old lady who suffered from insomnia had tried all the medicine under the sun. Nothing seemed to do her any good, until at last, in utter despair, she cried, "Medicine, I'll have no more of it! Take me to the parish church! I have slept there for the past forty years, and I can sleep there again."

To the parish church she was taken, and under the soporific influence of the sermon she went to sleep.

But it is not always the pulpit's fault that people go to sleep in our churches; for I find, in the history of preaching, that some of the greatest preachers the world ever had, had sleepers in their congregations. For instance, Andrew Fuller, more than one hundred years ago, astonished his congregation by bringing his great, big Bible three times down upon the pulpit top and crying out, "What! Asleep already? I often fear that I preach you to sleep, but I have not yet begun."

So, you see, some people don't even wait for the sermon.

Roland Hill, the eccentric preacher of the old Surrey Chapel, London, had an old man in his congregation who used to sit underneath the pulpit. (If you folks have ever been to England and seen the spiral stairways up to the pulpits, twenty feet from the ground, you will remember that there is room underneath that rostrum for a large armchair, and the only possible way to see the person sitting in that chair is to look right over the edge of the pulpit down onto that person's head.) Every time Roland Hill preached, this man would go fast asleep. Now, there are sleepers and sleepers. Some people can go to sleep and keep quiet about it. Other people have to let the whole neighbourhood know they are asleep; and this fel-

low was one of the kind who wanted everybody to know it. Roland Hill tried to raise his voice and drown out the man, but the man had a stronger voice than he had, so at last he took his Bible, glided it to the edge of the pulpit, and let it fall over on the bald head of the sleeper. The man looked up in astonishment. Roland Hill looked down and said, "If the word of man won't wake you, the word of God shall!"

Not only these men, but back in the time of the Apostle Paul, I find that that mighty preacher, that eloquent apostle, once had a sleeper in his congregation. He was preaching his farewell sermon at Troas, and it lasted seven hours. Ordinarily, there would have been some excuse for anybody going to sleep under a sermon of that length, but Paul was an exceptional preacher, and should have held the attention of all the people. But one young man had been working hard all day. He wanted to hear this famous preacher, but couldn't find a seat anywhere except on a window-sill, and "as Paul was long preaching, he sank down with sleep, fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead." Paul went down and, embracing him, said, "Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him." "And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted" (Acts 20: 9 to 12).

But all this, of course, has to do with the sleep of the body. To-night I want to deal with the sleep of the soul.

First of all, *A Sleeper is Insensible*. There is a disease in India and Africa, called sleeping sickness, a disease that so ravages the body that no man has been known to live more than five years after once contracting the disease. There is a sleep of the soul that so ravages the soul, that it is lost for eternity. The disease is sin, and there are thousands of souls in this city to-day who are sleeping that sleep of the soul; asleep in the arms of a sleepless devil, who is watching and cooing over them, as an anxious mother does over a feverish child. He does not want them waked up, and from the way some of the Christian people act, I am afraid they are not very much interested, either. But this sleep of sin is a desperate disease, and a desperate disease needs a desperate remedy.

A little child had taken an overdose of a drug, and a doctor was called in. After working over the child for two hours, he said to the parents, "Whatever you do, keep that child awake. Don't let her go to sleep. Once she goes to sleep she will never awaken again." So the parents sat beside the cot, and whenever it seemed the little girl was

going to sleep they shook her, they beat her; they had to be cruel to be kind. It was the only way to save the child's life.

Shall we let souls sleep on in their lost condition, not trying to do all in our power to wake them up, because we are afraid of hurting their feelings, or making enemies of them? Sometimes, we have to be cruel to be kind. I, for one, want to try everything I know to bring these sinners to a realization of their lost condition. We need men like George Whitefield to-day, men like John Wesley, Martin Luther, John Knox, Jonathan Edwards, men who are so desperately in earnest about the salvation of souls, that they cry with all the energy of their beings: "Flee from the wrath to come!"

What would be the use of my going into the cemetery here, pleading with the men and the women who are underneath the sod to become Christians? They have gone into the great beyond, and there is nothing that I can do to help. They may be saved or unsaved, I do not know; but I am talking to men and women here to-night who are alive and well, and yet perhaps asleep, sleeping on insensible and indifferent—indifferent to the claims of God; indifferent to their soul's salvation; indifferent to their eternal destiny, and I say,

"Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

A minister in Scotland preached to three thousand souls every Sunday night. They were cold and hard, and the gospel seemed to appeal to them not at all. Sometimes he used to go home tired, weary, worn out, and one night in utter despair he lay down upon his bed and went to sleep. He dreamed. He dreamed that he was standing in his own pulpit, preaching to his own congregation. He was making one mighty, moving appeal for men and women to accept Christ. Some of them were shuffling with their feet. Other people were fumbling with their watches, as much as to say, "Get it over, and let's get out."

He was just about to sit down in despair, when suddenly the door of the church opened and in walked a stranger. He made his way slowly down the aisle to where the preacher stood. Pointing one finger at him, and one hand toward the congregation, he looked into the preacher's face and said, "Oh, sir, come you to hell. You'll not have an unmoved congregation there." It was the devil; and he awoke.

That was a dream; but this is the fact. I believe, if I could take this gospel that I have been trying to preach to you for the past few days to

the caverns of the lost, the very devil would leap from his throne and grasp his opportunity for mercy. For Dante was right when he put over the gates of hell, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." No gospel for the lost; no salvation for the lost; no redeeming blood for the lost. They have had their opportunity and turned it down; but to-night the gospel is for you; salvation is for you; the redeeming blood will cleanse you from all sin. Oh, my sinner friend, pay attention to it, before it is too late. Awake! Awake! Awake and attend to the things that lead to thy eternal peace.

*Second, A Sleeper is Inactive.*

A great company advertised for one hundred thousand sleepers, or ties, which could no longer uphold the rolling traffic of the railroad. To their profound astonishment, a clergyman answered the advertisement, and said, "If you will come to my church any Sunday morning, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, I will give you fifty sleepers, and warrant them all sound." I am sorry to say that this is true of a great many churches. In fact, I have yet to see a church that does not have at least some sleepers, both physical and spiritual, in it. The tragedy of the church is the sleeping church member. He is in the church, but not of it; he has the name of being alive, but he is

dead. He reminds me of the time when I went to Mme. Toussard's in London. It is the greatest wax work show in the world. It covers a whole city block, and has twelve entrances. I was about eleven years old, and I remember walking up to a stalwart policeman, standing at one of the entrances. (All policemen in London have to be six feet tall or more, so of course I had to look a long way up into his face.) I said to him, "Excuse me, sir, but can you show me the way to the wax work show, that is, the main entrance?"

He looked down at me and smiled; he was a very nice policeman; but he didn't say anything, so I thought perhaps he might be deaf. So I said at the top of my voice, "Will you please show me the way into the wax work show?" Again he looked down at me and smiled, but he didn't say anything. So I turned around to my father, who was with me, and thought of asking him to see if he couldn't lift me up to where the policeman was so that he could hear what I said. But Dad couldn't talk to anybody right then. He was doubled up with laughter. I asked, "What's the matter with you?"

He said, "That man's a wax work!"

He looked real; he acted real; he even had the smile of a real man, but he was nothing but wax.

Isn't that just like some church members you know? They look as if they were the real thing; they are clothed as if they were the real thing. Some of them even have the smile; but if you apply a match to them, they go up in smoke. They are nothing but wax figure heads; yea, a better work than that. Deadheads.

Father asked me once, "Charlie, what is a dead-head?"

I said, "Dad, your slang has been fearfully neglected. Here is a man; he works for a shipping concern. He is in New York, and wants to go to Jacksonville, Florida, on one of his Company's boats. So he goes to the captain of that boat and says, 'Captain, I belong to this Company, and I'm going to ride with you to Jacksonville.' The captain writes his name on the passenger list, and then puts 'D. H.' after it, which means that he didn't pay any fare; he's riding on his Company's reputation. He's a Deadhead."

Don't you know some church members just like that? They are trying to go to Heaven on the Company's reputation. If all the church members in our churches who are doing nothing for God and for the church should have "D. H." put after their names, I am afraid that we would find a large percentage of our church members were deadheads.

Of course, you know people like that; but did you ever look into the mirror of your soul to see if that title belonged to you? I know Christian business men who are keen in their own business, but slow in God's business, and the Lord's business requireth haste. Oh, they'll give their money, all right, but they don't give themselves. God doesn't want merely your money. He wants you, your energy, your vitality, your ability. If you were to put into God's business as much enthusiasm as you put into your own business, what a different church we should have.

Let me ask you a question. Do you think the devil is asleep? I don't. He's never been asleep in any evangelistic meeting I have ever been in, and if he were I guess we should not have much of a meeting. The devil is always on the job. Do you believe it? Of course not.

“ Men don't believe in a devil now,  
As our fathers used to do;  
They have forced the door of the broadest creed,  
To let his form pass through.  
There isn't a print of his cloven foot,  
Nor a fiery dart from his bow  
To be found in earth or in air to-day,  
For the world has voted so.  
But who is it mixing this fatal draught,  
That palsies both heart and brain

And loads the bier of each passing year  
With ten hundred thousand slain?  
Who clogs the steps of the toiling saint,  
And digs the pit for his feet?  
Who sows the tares in the field of time,  
Wherever God sows His wheat?  
Ah, the devil is voted not to be,  
And of course the thing is true;  
But who is doing the kind of work  
The devil alone should do?  
They say he does not go about  
Like a roaring lion now,  
But whom shall we hold responsible  
For the everlasting row,  
To be heard in home, in church, in state,  
To earth's remotest bounds,  
If the devil, by a unanimous vote,  
Is nowhere to be found?  
Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,  
And make his bow, and show  
How the frauds and crimes of a single day  
Spring up? We want to know.  
Oh, the devil is fairly voted out,  
And of course the devil's gone—  
But simple folk would like to know  
Who carries his business on."

And it is carried on to an alarming extent in your city to-night. If it isn't, what's the cause of all the crime, blasphemy, and immorality, and all the other sins? It is the devil, his Satanic Majesty.

who works with both hands willingly, who has a twenty-four hour day and never sleeps, all to ruin souls. And the church members seem to be willing to sit on the fence and let him get away with it. We don't try to combat his wiles. We don't try to take souls out of his grasp, because we have lost the firm conviction of a personal devil. I know that he is not asleep. And if you are trying to live for Jesus Christ, you know it, too. Therefore, don't you think it is high time for us to awake and go after those sinners that are in his grasp, and try to bring them to a knowledge of Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour?

I will give you a slogan. As the devil does for wrong, so may we do for right. Let us awaken to activity and work like the devil, and we shall be doing things for God.

### Third, *A Sleeper is in Danger.*

Suppose as you go home to-night, you see a house on fire. In that house there are friends of yours. What do you do? Do you go home, go to bed, say to yourself, "Oh, they'll get out all right. They will eventually smell the smoke and see the flames. Why should I worry about it? They are my friends, of course, but they'll get out all right."

Believe me, if you are that kind of a friend, I don't want you for my friend. The kind of friend

I want is the kind who, if he sees my house burning up and knows I'm in it, will get all the fire engines in town out to save my life. I would expect that of any friend of mine. Christian, you have friends, loved ones of yours all around you in danger of eternal hell.

"What! There isn't such a place!" "It's imagination!" "We have our hell or heaven here!" "There is no such place as an eternal hell. How could a spiritual body burn in a physical flame?"

Listen:

David, is there a hell? "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God" (Psalm 9: 17).

Isaiah, is there a hell?

"Where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched" (Isaiah 66: 24).

Paul, is there a hell?

"What shall be the end of them that obey not the gospel? The Lord Jesus is coming in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel" (2 Thessalonians 1: 7, 8).

John, lovable John, is there a hell?

"But the fearful, and the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and idolators, and all liars shall

have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

Of course, all these men failed, even as you and I fail. Perhaps they were wrong.

Lord Jesus, is there a hell?

Seven times in the Gospel of Matthew you will find the equivalent of these words, "Bind them; cast them into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

You can accept this or reject it. I tell you just what the Book says, and I believe it, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet.

Why is it men will persist in arguing as to whether hell is a place of eternal fire and brimstone, or whether it is a state of conscience? I don't care which it is, nor where it is. God says it's a place, and I believe it. He says it is a place of torment, and I believe it; but I know one thing surely; whether it is eternal fire, or the memory that you take with you into eternity, I don't want to go there. That seems to me more common sense than arguing and talking about it, until eventually you wake up in hell.

These words that are given by the Holy Ghost have been toned down to suit the delicate ear of modern fashion, and we say, "Smooth that stubborn text to ears polite, and snugly keep damnation

out of sight." We are so kind and considerate that we are letting our friends drop through our fingers into the burning lake. In this day, we need more hell fire preaching, if for nothing more than to arouse Christian people to a realization that the soul without Christ is in terrible danger.

My friend, could you sleep if you knew a loved one was lying across the track of a coming express? Could you sleep if you had a friend hanging over a precipice by a burning rope? Then how can you sleep when souls all around you are in danger of eternal hell? Write them. Plead with them. Pray for them. Warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

A council was held in hell, and the devil presided.

He cried, "Who'll go forth to ruin souls?"

One angel got up and said, "I will."

The devil said, "What will you tell them?"

"Ah," he said, "I'll tell them there's no God."

The devil said, "That will never ruin souls. They have only to look at nature to find there's a God; the sky, all the glories of the sunset, the earth, the air, the sea all proclaim an Almighty God."

Again rang forth the cry, "Who'll go forth to ruin souls?"

Another angel got up and said, "I will."  
The devil said, "What will you tell them?"  
He said, "I'll tell them that there is a God, but  
He is too much a God of love to punish sin."

The devil said, "That will never ruin souls.  
They've got Bibles, and the Bible says, "Though  
hand join in hand, the sinner shall not go unpun-  
ished."

For the third time rang forth the cry, "Who'll  
go forth to ruin souls?"

There was a lull, a hesitancy; then one angel got  
up and said, "I will go."

The devil said, "What will you tell them?"

He said, "I'll tell them there is a God, and that  
He is a God of Love, but also He is a God of Jus-  
tice, and will punish sin, but He sent Jesus Christ  
down from Heaven's glory to take their place and  
give Himself as a sacrifice in their stead; and that  
if they sincerely believe in Him and accept Him  
as their Saviour, they will be saved for eternity."

The devil said, "How will that ruin souls?  
That will only save them."

"Ah," said the angel with a chuckle in his voice,  
"I'll tell them all this is true—but there is time  
enough yet."

And the devil said, "Go thy way."

He went, and he has been going up and down

the world. He walks into evangelistic meetings like this, and he whispers into your ear, "You know it is all true. You know that Jesus died for you, and if you accept Him you will be saved. You also know that if you reject Him you will be lost; and there is an eternal hell. But why decide to-night? There's plenty of time; come to-morrow night. Come next week."

I believe there are thousands of souls in eternity lost, who never intended to be lost. But they just put it off; and they put it off until it was too late. Sinner, the sands of your hour glass will soon run out; then begins that vast eternity. How long is eternity? Go down to the seashore and count the grains of sand, one by one, and after you have exhausted the sands, it will still be the beginning of eternity. Take the drops of water in the ocean, count them one by one, and after you have exhausted the seven oceans, it will still be the beginning of eternity. Your soul will live in Heaven or Hell, with God or the devil, in light or in darkness throughout eternity. It all depends on your decision to-night. Your day of grace will soon be ended. The grim reaper will soon draw his scythe near your door. Then listen to the tick, tick, tick of the clock. It tells us that day is declining; the sun is low; the shadows lengthen; time

makes haste to go. Thank God, there is still time.  
Oh, enter, enter now. Listen!

“ If you could see Christ standing here to-night,  
His thorn-crowned head and pierced hands could  
view,  
Could see those eyes that beam with Heav’n’s  
own light,  
And hear Him say, ‘ O, sinner, ’twas for you.’  
Would you believe, and Jesus receive,  
If He were standing here?  
Will you believe, and Jesus receive,  
For He is standing here.”

## VIII

### THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

**I**T is fashionable to-day to play at religion. Placards, outside our theatres, have announced "The Christian" or the "Eternal City" by Hall Caine, "The Sorrows of Satan" by Marie Corelli or "The Sign of the Cross" by Wilson Barrett. To me the world is more than a stage; the people are more than mere actors, and the Cross is too much a reality to become a plaything.

In 1843 an old Scottish covenanter sat in his armchair, his little granddaughter beside him. Putting his hand upon her curly locks, he began singing in a quavering voice:

"There is nae gospel noo, lassie,  
There is nae covenant blood,  
There is nae altar noo, lassie,  
There is nae Lamb of God."

The child wondered why his voice trembled so. He went on singing:

"There is nae Chalmers noo, lassie,  
There is nae good McChane,  
And the dear, dear Cross they preached,  
lassie,  
The dear, dear Cross is gane."

The little girl looked up into his face and the tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon her curly hair, but he went on singing in his quavering voice:

"Folks dinna want the Cross, lassie,  
They've cutten doon the Tree,  
And nobody believes in't,  
But fools like you and me."

"The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us, which are saved, it is the power of God."

In this twentieth century he, who is so old fashioned as to preach the old story of the Cross and the Redeeming Blood of Christ, is called out of date, behind the times and a fool. It is not a disgrace but an honour to be called a fool for Christ's sake. One thing I know, the man who preaches the Cross brings about the salvation of souls, he who rejects the Cross does not.

"Having made peace through the blood of His Cross that He might reconcile us to God." Tonight I am speaking to you on the Cross and the

peace that comes by the acceptance of the sacrifice of the Cross.

When we think of peace, immediately there flashes through our minds the opposite, enmity. If there had been no enmity, we should not have needed peace. 'Way back in Eden the devil, in his original way, came to our Mother Eve and said:

"Hath God said? Is it written? Ye shall not surely die."

And that same devil has wriggled his way up through the ages. He has gotten into our divinity halls, into our colleges, sometimes he walks into our pulpits and we hear, "Hath God said? Is it written?" instead of meeting the devil with the same weapon that Christ did in the wilderness, God has said, "It is written."

Though thousands of years have passed and gone, man's heart is still at enmity with God on account of sin. "How can two walk together except they both agree?" God is sinless; man is sinful, and before these two can meet the sin must be taken out of the sinner, peace must be restored. God, to bring that peace, sent His only begotten Son, Jesus, who made peace with God by His death on the Cross. He has become our advocate, our mediator, our substitute, our surety, our inter-

cessor, and we, who accept Him as such, although we live in a world of sin, of strife, tumult, anxiety, worry, suffering, sickness and death, can say,

“ Peace, perfect peace,  
In this dark world of sin,  
The Blood of Jesus whispers,  
Peace within.”

Having made peace through the blood of His Cross that He might reconcile us to God.

When my father and I were in England, we were often asked out to tea. He says, “The Americans do not know how to make tea. It is too weak.” He likes the kind of tea, which if left alone for a while, walks off by itself. But I tell him it is an even break, for the English do not know how to make coffee. Personally I do not drink much of either, but my father drinks my share of tea. We would go to the house to which we were invited about four o’clock in the afternoon. The hostess would be seated at the head of the table pouring out the tea. On the table there would be small cakes, bread and butter—not bread on one plate and butter on another, but butter spread over the bread and the bread so thin you could see through it. Aye, as thin as the edge of a dime. (Once after I made that statement, a

man came up to me and said, "Don't you ever say that again. I am a married man and I know you cannot cut bread as thin as a dime and spread it with butter because the bread will all break up."

I said to him, "Why man alive! you spread the butter on the bread before you cut it."

He said, "I never thought of that.")

Many a time the lady of the house has turned to me and said,

"Charlie, I hope you will make a good tea."

I have said, "Excuse me, but I cannot make a good tea. You have been to all the trouble of making it. Perhaps it has taken you an hour to get everything ready and yet you say to 'make a good tea.' If you changed that to 'take a good tea,' why I am right here and can go ahead."

Has any one ever asked you the question, "Have you made your peace with God?" You cannot make your peace with God. If you can make your peace with God, why did Jesus die at all? He died to make peace and He accomplished what He came to die for. Therefore, it is not a question of "make," it is a question of putting out your hand of faith and "taking" the peace that is already made. It means to be like that boy in the Highlands of Scotland, who became a Christian. He could not preach, could not sing, but wanted

to do something. So he would go away up in the Kilmarnock Hills, and when he came to the top, he would take off his bonnet, wave it around in the air, and shout at the top of his voice, "Man that died, Matt says, 'Thank you.' " That's all. But that's all Jesus Christ asks of any man, just say, "Thank you, Lord Jesus, for dying in my place, for taking my sin and bearing it in your own body, for becoming my substitute, paying my debt. Thank you." And if you say it honestly, God has promised that, as a free gift, He will give you a peace that passeth all understanding.

First chapter of Colossians, verse twenty: "Having made peace through the Blood of His Cross that He might reconcile us to God."

Second chapter of Ephesians, verse seventeen: "He came and preached peace to you which were afar off and to them that were nigh."

Fifth chapter of Romans, verse one: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

*Peace made, peace preached, and peace possessed.* Jesus made the peace; we, by the help of God, preach that peace to you; you can possess that peace before you leave this building, as a free gift from God.

Some may say, "I do not think that Jesus could

have finished the work on the Cross ; I must do my part, I must accordingly work my own way to Heaven and by good life and good deeds I shall eventually get there.”

An evangelist once went to the north of England and there heard of a wheelwright, who had been saying that very thing for forty years. One day the evangelist walked into the wheelwright’s shop, and, as he was talking to the wheelwright, he took a spoke shave from the bench and went over to a wheel that was painted and varnished ready for the cart and was about to shave one of the spokes. The wheelwright said, “Don’t touch that, sir, or you will spoil it.”

“Oh,” said the evangelist, “I think there is a place over there that is rough and I can smooth it down.”

The wheelwright said, “That wheel is painted, lined, varnished, and if you touch it you will ruin it.”

“Yes, I know,” said the evangelist, “but you see there is a place over there that is a little rough. If you will just let me take off a little I am sure it will improve it.”

The wheelwright became angry and said, “If you cannot leave that wheel alone, get out of my shop.”

The evangelist turned and answered, "Sir, I have not been in your shop fifteen minutes before you get angry with me for trying to spoil a finished wheel. For forty years you have been insulting God by telling Him that Jesus only half finished the work on the Cross, that you must do your part. Why, man, when Jesus said, 'It is finished,' it was finished, the work that He came to do was done, the peace that He came to make was made, and if you work from now till Doomsday, you will never be able to improve the finished work of the Cross. Stop insulting God. Take Him at His word. Accept the peace that He offers you."

Perhaps there are men and women here who are trying their best to work their way to heaven. My friend, it cannot be done. You must accept the peace that Jesus made as a finished work, something that you cannot improve, and depend upon Him to get you to heaven.

I am often asked, "What are you working for? What are you preaching for? Are you not trying to get to heaven?"

"No, I am working because I am going to heaven. I am preaching, not to obtain the peace, but because I have the peace. I am doing my best, not to obtain salvation, but because I have salvation. I am not working to win God's favour,

but because I have God's favour. I know I am going to heaven, not because I am any better than anybody else, but because I am trusting in the power of Christ. In many ways I may fail, but when He puts His everlasting arms underneath me, I know I shall stand forever."

Now, my friend, how is it with you? Are you trying your best to get to heaven or are you doing your best because you are going to heaven? If you only knew the joy of a sure salvation, you would never worry yourself about working your way to heaven.

You may reply, "But if I accept salvation that way, I am liable to become lazy and do nothing. That would be going to heaven on flowery beds of ease."

Oh, no, you won't. "For by their fruits ye shall know them." If you have not a heart full of gratitude toward God for His saving power and His redeeming blood demonstrating itself in work for Him, then your profession of Christianity does not amount to much. Just put out your hand of faith and take the peace that He offers and start to work for Him because you love Him.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace." Are you still an enemy of God? Knowing the way of salvation, will you go out of this

building refusing the peace that He offers you?

A miner attended some revival meetings. He was deeply impressed of the spirit of God. One night he stayed until every one else had left. The evangelist talked to him, but he did not seem to be able to accept the truth. At half-past ten o'clock the evangelist said, "It is getting rather late, my friend. Come to-morrow night and I will talk to you again."

The man answered, "Sir, it must be settled to-night or never."

"All right," said the evangelist; "if that is the case, I will stay with you all night."

As the clock struck twelve, the man jumped to his feet and cried, "I've got it."

"Got what?" asked the evangelist.

"The peace that Jesus made."

The next morning at six o'clock the miner went to work in the pit. About two hours later a terrible explosion occurred and he was pinned into a corner by a huge piece of coal. His mates tried to rescue him, but soon realized it would be impossible before life had expired. So one of the men, seeing a great crack in the coal, leaned his ear against it to catch, if possible, some message that the dying man might send to his wife. These were the

words he heard: "Thank God, it was settled last night. If I had left it until to-night, I should have been lost."

"It must be settled to-night.  
I can no longer wait,  
Peace with my God I now must have.  
To-morrow may be too late.

"To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight,  
This is the time. Oh, then be wise.  
Thou wouldest be saved, why not  
to-night?"

No one, whether young or old, may know when the call may come to them. Therefore, think. "Now is the accepted time." To-day is the day of grace. "To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace."

Are you at peace with God? Has the Blood of Jesus Christ cleansed you from sin? Come now and take your stand with Him.

"Beneath the Cross of Jesus,  
I fain would take my stand,  
A shadow of a mighty rock,  
Within a weary land.

A home within the wilderness,  
A rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noontide heat  
And the burden of the day.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow,  
For my abiding place,  
I want no other sunshine,  
Than the sunshine of His face.  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain nor loss,  
My sinful self my only shame,  
My glory, all the Cross."

Oh, may these words be the expression of your heart just now.

## IX

### THE SHEPHERD'S PSALM

**A**LL are familiar with the Shepherd's Psalm. All have learned it, either at their mother's knee or at the Sunday School.

It was written by King David. I do not think he could have written this psalm when he was a young man. I think he must have written it when he was an old man; for he might have commenced it like this: "The Lord is my king." But he knew the anxieties of a kingdom; he knew the troubles that a crown had brought upon his brow. No, he didn't say, "The Lord is my king."

He might have said, "The Lord is my father." But here he is, an old man, running out of the city, fleeing from the son who wants to kill him. And after his son is dead we hear him cry, "Absalom, my son, my son; would God I had died for thee!" He knew the sorrows of fatherhood, and he didn't say, "The Lord is my father."

But I imagine that one day as he sat upon his throne, an old man, he let his mind wander back over the years, and in all that eventful life he tried

to find one scene that was perfectly in harmony with the Creator, where everything was quiet, peaceful, away from the noise and strife and tumult of war. And he went back to his boyhood days, when he used to sit upon the hillside playing his harp; his father's sheep were all around him; the little brook at the bottom of the hill ran musically on its way; and out of the fullness of David's heart came the words:

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie,  
In pastures green He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

Many of us can say, "*He is my shepherd because He bought me.*" Talk about buying, or purchasing, and it sounds very businesslike, but redemption is no theory. We are bought with a price; we are not our own. It is true, we are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of the Good Shepherd. The question comes, "Why buy?" and "Whom did He buy me from? Did He buy me from the devil?" Well, yes, and again no. It is true there is a devil, although some people don't believe in him. They are the people who do not try to do right. If you ever try to do right, you

will soon find there is a devil. It is true that Jesus said to the Pharisees, "Ye are of your father the devil, for his works ye do." "In this is manifested the children of God and the children of the devil." It is true that many to-day are led captive by the devil at his will. It is true that he is powerful; it is true that he is mighty; but if it had been only the arm of the devil that kept me from God, God, who is almighty, all powerful, would have smashed the arm of the devil into smithereens.

No, we were bought from something more terrible than that. "Well, did He buy me from hell?" No. It is true there is a hell, but hell was never prepared for man. Hell was prepared for the devil and his angels, but as man often goes into places that are not prepared for him, so man often goes to hell; but God does not send him there. He goes of his own accord. (God provides a way of escape, and if man refuses that escape he goes to hell, and God is not to blame, for man chooses his own destiny.) No, we were bought from something more terrible than that. Man had offended God's justice, broken God's laws, sinned against God's righteousness, had been sent out of the earthly paradise forever, and kept out by angels placed there with flaming swords. And the thun-

der of God's wrath had sounded out on Mount Sinai when He said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Who will pay the price of SIN? Who will make us free? God in His mercy said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." And the ransom came, in the person of the great Shepherd of the sheep. He said, "I lay down My life for the sheep. No man taketh it from Me. I lay it down of Myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

"Ah, not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away one stain.  
But Christ, the heav'nly lamb,  
Took all my guilt away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
Of richer blood than they."

"Crucified, glorified, Saviour and King,  
How can I sing praises to Thee,  
Since with Thy blood Thou hast bought  
me to God,  
I will give glory, all glory to Thee."

That is why many of us can say, "He is my shepherd because He bought me."

*He is my shepherd because He feeds me.* You

know, there is always a responsibility for one who owns live stock. Take my father for an instance. He has plenty of live stock. He has eleven children. The responsibility resting upon my father is to feed the eleven. If he does not feed them, the inspector of cruelty to animals may be on his trail. Some people have an idea that when the Good Shepherd bought us with His blood He intended us to starve; but I assure you that such is not the case. Well, then, why is it that so many Christian people in their spiritual life, remind you of these old, broken-winded cab horses you see pulling hacks around, no flesh on them, just bags of bones? It certainly is not the fault of the Good Shepherd. For instance, our family sits down to a dinner of roast lamb (and, believe me, it has to be some lamb). Father stands at the head carving the meat. He puts so much on each plate, according to each one's capacity as he figures it; then it is passed to the one to whom it belongs. Supposing my younger brother, sitting across the table from me, should say, "I don't want any." (I just asked you to suppose this. It isn't possible in real life.) So he gets up and walks away. My younger sister at the other end of the table says, "I don't want any." And she gets up and walks away. Two hours later they come in hungry. Whose fault is

it? It certainly isn't my father's fault, because there was the food, it was all provided; all they had to do was to eat it. If they refused to eat it and went hungry, it was no one's fault but their own.

The Good Shepherd provides food for all His sheep to eat. Now, if the food is put before you, and you refuse to eat it and go away hungry, it is nobody's fault but your own. Just think how the average Christian feeds upon the things the Good Shepherd provides. For instance, some of you come to church once on Sunday morning. You never enter the doors of the church until next Sunday morning, and you think you are perfectly all right, and doing your full duty. Put it into practical life. Suppose you go home this morning, eat a good dinner and don't eat another bite until next Sunday at this time. See how you feel. Your business would soon go by the board. You yourself would soon be in a sanitarium for a nervous breakdown. And yet, there are thousands of Christians who expect their spiritual lives to grow and amount to something, who eat just once a week. If you eat three times a day physically, you should eat three times a day spiritually.

I hear the question, "What does the Good Shepherd provide?"

First of all, the *Word of God*. Oh, how little

we know our Bibles! When I ask the people who have Bibles to hold them up, I see that perhaps one-twentieth of the audience have brought Bibles. When I say, "We will read from the second chapter of Ephesians," I can see grown men and women who have to look in the front of the Bible to see whether it is in the Old Testament or the New. All they know of the Bible is what they hear from the preacher. They don't read it for themselves, or if they do, as some of them virtuously tell me they do, they read it just like they read the headlines of the newspaper, and pass it by.

The Prophet said, "Thy words did I find, and I did eat them."

I would rather have a Christian learn one verse of Scripture from memory than read five chapters and forget all about it. I wonder how many of you Christian people here to-day know enough about the Bible to lead a sinner to Jesus Christ; whether you could find the verses you want them to see, or whether you would have to call for the preacher. How do you expect your spiritual life to grow if you do not know anything about the very foundation of Christianity? The Bible will reveal to you the Good Shepherd in a way that no preacher could possibly reveal Him, and I urge you and plead with you, if you want your spiritual life

to grow, study the Bible. Let it sink deep into your mind, until Jesus means more to you than any one else in the whole wide world.

Then, too, the Good Shepherd provides *Prayer*. There are two modes of prayer, private and public. Let us take *private prayer first*.

One gentleman was telephoning to another. The one who had received the call said, "I cannot hear your voice. I can hear a hurdy-gurdy playing outside, and children on your doorstep. Shut your office door, man; then I will be able to hear you." The one who had sent the call shut his door, and the one who was receiving it could hear every word transmitted over the wire. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut to the door, pray to thy father which is in secret, and He will reward thee openly."

What is our excuse? Well, we are so busy. We haven't much time. The cares of the world and the burdens of the day keep us occupied so much that we haven't time for God. Think of it! If we work ten hours a day, sleep eight hours, give four hours to pleasure and education, as average Christians, we cannot find ten minutes out of the remaining two hours to give to God. Do you wonder that our churches are dead, our spiritual life is at a low ebb? How can we grow unless we pray?

Dr. Pierson stood watching a stone-mason chiseling upon a block of marble. He cried, "Oh, that I could deal such transforming blows on the hearts of men!"

The stone-mason looked up quietly and said, "You could, sir, if you worked in the same position as I do—on your knees."

I am afraid that we, as preachers, do not know enough of the power of prayer. We trust so much to our own intellect, our education, our personal magnetism, that God doesn't get time to work through us, because we are blocking the way. If we would only be like that preacher in London who was late for his service. Two deacons walked over to the parsonage to inquire where he was. The maid answered the door and said, "I think the minister has gone to church, but wait a moment; I will inquire." Presently she returned and said, "No, the minister hasn't gone yet. At present he has company, for I heard him say, 'Unless thou go with me I cannot go hence.' "

Oh, if every preacher had that presence, what different sermons we would preach! And if you people in the pews only took that same presence with you into your business life, your home life, and your school life, what a different kind of audience the preachers would have. We blame the

preachers so easily if our spirituality is not what it ought to be, instead of looking deep into our hearts and asking ourselves whether we know what it is to pray.

My Christian friend, if you want your life to grow spiritually, you must often talk with God as a friend talketh with a friend.

*Second, public prayer.* That means prayer-meeting. Why don't we go to prayer-meeting any more? Well, we don't have the prayer-meetings we used to have twenty years ago. That's what they tell me; I don't know; I suppose that same excuse has been used for the last hundred years. But I do know that I have seen a good many live prayer-meetings in my life. But the average prayer-meeting is not much more than a social, or a talk from the preacher. The Church has lost the art of prayer. Just think what it would mean to the pastor of the church if at least fifty or seventy-five per cent. of his church members should be there at the midweek service and pray that God would speak through the pastor in his message the following Sunday, to the end that souls might come to Christ. Why, you wouldn't need an evangelist. Your church would be so on fire for God that you'd be having a continual revival. But how would you like to preach when, out of a thousand members, a

pastor has only seventy-five or a hundred in the prayer-meeting? If you want your church to grow and count for something, go to the prayer-meeting and pray.

The third thing the Good Shepherd provides is *Assembly*; "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." "They that loved the Lord spake often one with another." "As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend."

The child queen of Holland was one day playing with her dolls. The nurse, who was standing near, heard her say to one of them, "Now, if you are not a good girl, I'll make you into a princess, and then you won't be able to play with other children." There was something very pathetic about it. The little child wanted companionship, fellowship, but because of her high social position, she was not allowed to have it. Why is it that so many Christian people put themselves on a pedestal, and will not come down to where the other Christians are? They ask the questions: "Can't I be a Christian outside of the church?" "Why do I have to join the church?" Did you ever try to light a fire with one stick? If you never have, go home and try it; you will find it is not easy. But if you get a dozen sticks, you will soon be able

to get a glow. Trying to be a Christian outside of the church is just like trying to light a fire with one stick, but if you get in church among the other Christians, you will soon get a glow. "Ah, but look at the failings of the church members; look at the mistakes they make." There are some of them that I don't want to mix and mingle with." I think one of the worst faults of a good many Christian people in the Church to-day is the way they talk about one another to the outsiders. The Church is organized as the family of God, and if one of the family makes a mistake, you have no right to go out and tell the world about it. It is a family matter, and should not be told to the outsider.

Do you know that you have absolutely no right to criticize a fellow Christian unless your life is so perfect that no one criticizes you? Instead of saying mean, contemptible things about one another, if one of the family makes a mistake, go to him or her and say, "God bless you; try again!"

Therefore, my Christian friend, you must join the Church. Get in where God's people are, and your life will begin to count for something. Feed upon these three things, and your spiritual life will so grow that unsaved men and women will say of you, as they did of the disciples at Antioch, these

people are Christians, because they are so much like the Christ.

He is my Shepherd because He bought me; He is my Shepherd because He feeds me; *He is my Shepherd because one day He will fold me with His own hands.*



A poor American boy had to die. They carried him from the blood-drenched battlefield to a hospital tent. A doctor came in with his case of instruments, looked at the boy, then shook his head and said, "Better not arouse him; he is passing away in a merciful stupor."

The young comrade, sitting by his side, said, "Doctor, is he going to die?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I can see no hope for him."

"Then," said the young comrade, "I must send for his mother."

"Nonsense, man, to arouse that boy would mean agony for him."

"Ah," the young comrade said, "I must. I promised his mother, when we left the little village together, that if anything ever happened to her boy I would send for her immediately."

He secured the doctor's consent; and while the musketry was continuing its hellish rattle upon the battlefield, the little needle was clicking away the

message to the mother. A few hours later she crossed the field and met the doctor.

The doctor said to her, "Are you the boy's mother?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then let me urge you not to disturb him. Don't arouse him; he is passing away in a merciful stupor."

The mother went past the doctor into the hospital tent. There she saw her boy, his curly locks matted in blood; his face, ah! the very picture of his dead father's. She mustn't speak to him; to arouse him would be agony, but oh, how she longs for some word, to carry in her heart after he has gone! So gently as the snow falls, she places her hand upon the brow of her son. Immediately a thrill of consciousness runs through him, his lips move, his eyes are closed; she bends down and catches the words, "Oh, Mother! I knew you would come." He had never even seen her, not even opened his eyes; but that old familiar touch brought memories back to his heart, and as long as Mother was there at the last, it was all right.

Many years later, perhaps, as I lie upon my couch, and there are voices I cannot hear and friends I cannot see, I thank God that the same Shepherd who bought me with His blood, the same

Shepherd who fed me throughout the days of my life, will fold me with His own hands and I shall realize the exultant cry of David when he says, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." As long as Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep is there at the last, it will be all right. So may we be kept only, ever and always for Jesus, that some day we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

"Oh, to be 'Kept for Jesus !'  
Kept, by the power of God,  
Kept, from the world unspotted,  
Treading where Jesus trod.

*Chorus.*

"Oh, to be 'Kept for Jesus !'  
Lord, at Thy feet I fall;  
I would be ' nothing, nothing, nothing ; '  
Thou shalt be ' all in all.'

"Oh, to be 'Kept for Jesus !'  
Oh, to be all His own !  
Kept to be His forever,  
Kept to be His alone !

"Oh, to be 'Kept for Jesus !'  
Lord, at Thy feet I fall;  
I would be ' nothing, nothing, nothing,'  
Thou shalt be ' all in all.' "

## X

### THE LOVE THAT NEVER CHANGES

FANNY CROSBY, the blind hymn writer, who some years ago passed away, had a birthday just before her death. She was at that time nearing one hundred. At the last interview with a reporter, she said, "Love is the greatest thing on earth. It will make everything right in the world."

In the first chapter of the Book of Revelation, part of the fifth and sixth verses, you will find these words: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever."

If you will notice the text closely you will see that it doesn't say, "Unto Him that washed us and loved us," but "Unto Him that loved us and washed us." Sometimes a mother will say to her boy, "Mother doesn't love a dirty boy." Of course, she doesn't mean that, but just the same she goes into the bathroom, brings out the face cloth, washes his dirty face, and as the healthy

glow of his cheek begins to shine through all the dirt, she kisses him and says, "There, Mother loves a clean boy."

But Jesus Christ did not have to wash us first in order to love us. He loved us even in our dirt, in our sin and in our iniquity, and then He washed us in His own precious Blood.

When God looked down upon this world of sin and saw how corrupt it was, He might have brought the thunders of His wrath and annihilated man. But no, God tried man without the law and man miserably failed; then God tried man with the law and man failed again and God had to confess that by the "deeds of the Law no flesh shall be justified."

During the Inquisition of Germany several means of torture were used. They would place a prisoner in a square room, which had oak walls and an oak floor, but no roof. On entering the room, the prisoner would congratulate himself upon his fine surroundings; but when he had been in that room twenty-four hours he would realize it was getting somewhat smaller. When he had been in that room forty-eight hours he would realize that unless a friendly hand came from above the walls would gradually contract and crush him to pieces. For him there was no friendly hand, and many a

poor victim suffered that cruel death. That is just how we were in sin, hemmed in on every side; no way of escape but from above, and unless a friendly hand had reached down and taken ours and lifted us up from our perilous condition the walls of sin would gradually have contracted and crushed us forever. But, thank God, there was a friendly hand; it was the hand of Jesus. That hand reached down and took ours, lifted us up out of our perilous position and set our feet upon firm free ground. Just as the end of the Law of France is the guillotine; the end of the Law of England is the rope, and the end of the Law of America is the electric chair, so Christ was the end of God's law for sin, when He hung upon the Cross, "for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness for every one that believeth." Because of His great liberating power throughout the countless ages of eternity, we, who have accepted Him, will sing the song of the redeemed: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever."

"Unto Him that LOVED us." When Jesus Christ came to this world of sin He brought divine love with Him. Think of bringing love to a world like this! Think of bringing love to a world of

hate. The world had seen love a million times before Christ ever came. Pray tell us the difference between human love and divine love? Is not love the same whether it be the love of a mother for her child, or the love of God for lost humanity?

Here is a minister. He is in his study preparing his Sunday sermon. Ministers are not always the same in the study as they are in the pulpit. His little seven-year-old son comes to the door and knocks. The father doesn't want to be disturbed, so he pays no attention and goes on writing. But preachers' sons are not very much afraid of their fathers, so he knocks again. The father impatiently throws down his pen, gets up and marches to the door. There stands his little son, a finger of one hand held tightly in the other.

“Well, what do you want?”

(You would not think a preacher would talk like that, would you?)

The little chap says, “Papa, I cut my finger.”

“Well, I can't help it, can I?”

The little chap, daunted at his father's rebuff, says, “Well, Papa, I think you might have said ‘Oooh’ anyway.”

The father, no doubt, loved his son, but he was human and his patience was soon exhausted.

My Christian friends, when you go to your

Heavenly Father He has always a word of sympathy for you, always a word of comfort, and His patience is eternal. This is one difference between human love and divine.

Here is a wife and mother. The husband and father went to work one morning at six o'clock in apparent good health. At eight o'clock he was brought home dead. That wife and mother tried to support three little children, to bring them up in the way they should go. She worked her fingers to the bone in doing so, and often her heart has cried out, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, Oh, for the sound of a voice that is stilled."

What is human love when death has anything to do with it? As I look around this audience I can see men and women who will know what I am talking about. God has stepped into your home and taken father or mother, son or daughter, husband or wife. I ask you, son and daughter, I ask you, father and mother—bereaved ones—what is human love when the angel of death comes in at the door? Listen!

" Beckoning hands of a mother whose love,  
Sacrificed life her devotion to prove,  
Hands of a father to memory dear,  
Beckon up higher the waiting ones here.

*Chorus.*

“ Beautiful hands, father’s hands,  
     Calling you, sister, to Heavenly lands.  
     Beckoning hands, mother’s hands,  
     Calling you, brother, to Heavenly lands.

“ Beckoning hands of a little one, see,  
     Baby voice calling, O Mother, for thee,  
     Rosy-cheeked darling, the light of the home,  
     Taken so early is beckoning, Come.

*Chorus.*

“ Beautiful hands, baby’s hands,  
     Calling you, father, to Heavenly lands.  
     Beckoning hands, baby’s hands,  
     Calling you, mother, to Heavenly lands.”

But when Jesus Christ came He brought, not human love, but divine love, with Him, and when He came there was a grim chuckle in Hell and the devil said, “ I have annihilated love a million times and I will do it again.”

“ So they took Him, the sinner’s friend,  
     The innocent Son of God,  
     And nailed those holy hands  
     To a cruel Cross of wood.  
     The sun was ashamed to see it,  
     So he hid his face at noon,  
     And the people greatly wondered why  
     The darkness came so soon.

He was led like a lamb to the slaughter,  
And when He bowed His head,  
He only asked His Father  
To forgive them when He was dead.  
Ah, why did He die like a felon,  
Hid away from His Father's face,  
And groan out that blessed spirit  
On that Cross of deep disgrace?  
Hush! Listen, and hear Him tell it.  
Look up at His wounds and see!  
That blood is the sinner's ransom,  
That body was broken for thee."

They took Him from the Cross and put Him in a tomb. They rolled a stone over His grave and sealed it with a seal. But if they had put a stone over His grave as big as this building, He would have arisen. On the third day He broke the bonds of death asunder. He conquered sin, He conquered death, He conquered Hell.

"Up from the grave He arose  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes.  
He arose a victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives forever with His saints to reign."

Not only does He live, but He loves with a living, eternal, deathless, changeless love, for it is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

While travelling from England to America, I have watched the sunset. I have seen the dark

rolling waters in contrast to the beautiful harmonious colours of the sky. I have seen a broad stream of light coming from the very center of the magnificent orb, spreading across the ocean, turning its waters to a mass of quivering and shifting colour, which varied from bronze to copper, copper to silver and azure. Gradually it spread a broad crimson flame across the entire horizon until the whirling ball of fire rested for a moment on the bosom of the waters and then sank below in glory. But he left behind a reflection of saffron and gold in the sky. It is a wonderful picture. The whole scene might well have been the fantastic dream of an imaginative painter, soaring beyond the limits of human skill. But it is only a picture painted by the greatest of all artists, God.

I have seen sunsets over the mountains, across the deserts, in the valleys, over the lakes, but in my opinion, there is nothing that compares with a sunset at sea. I feel that I cannot describe that scene. I feel that I cannot tell you of all its wonders and all its beauty. You must see it for yourself to understand it.

Men and women, do you know how I feel when I am trying to explain the inexpressible love of God? I feel I cannot do it justice. I feel that I cannot tell you of all its beauty, of all its majestic

power, of all its enduring qualities, and I know why. Because it is beyond my human comprehension. I do not believe it can be told.

If I had wings and could fly to Heaven, I would like to see those who have been there thousands of years and ask them to tell me of the love of God. Let us ask Noah.

"Noah, you were a preacher of righteousness for one hundred and twenty years. You were a faithful servant of God. Surely you can tell us how much God loves this old world of sin?"

I hear Noah say, "The love of God is deeper than the waters that carried me on their bosom."

"John, lovable John, you leaned on Jesus' bosom. You know a lot about the love of God. Can you tell us how much God loves the people of the United States?"

I hear John say, "Herein is love. Not that we loved God but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

I turn to Paul, "Paul, you were a mighty apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. You were a wonderful servant of His. Surely you can tell us how much God loves the people of this city?"

I hear Paul say, "There are heights and depths. There are lengths and breadths, but the love of God passeth knowledge."

In my despair I turn to the angels. "Angels of God, created for God's pleasure, you have been up here for thousands, aye, millions of years. Surely you can tell us how much God loves the people in this building to-night?"

And I hear the angels say, "We cannot tell you. You will find your answer in John 3: 16, 'For God *so* loved the world.' "

When you have said that, you have said all that you can say. There is no other word that can describe His love better. There is no human being can describe it more fully, "God *so* loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

But one thing I know, though I cannot describe the love of God, if you will once accept it and let it enter into your heart it will abundantly fill your life. You will understand something of the meaning of these words, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, unto Him be glory and dominion forever." Indescribable, wonderful, marvellous Love—may God, the Holy Spirit, reveal it to you, so that you may accept it.

*That love has its effect upon men*, for you will notice that the text says, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us." I believe that there are a lot of men who would like to get to Heaven if they did

not have to go through the washing process. They wish to climb up some other way, by their own good works or by their own good deeds, not by the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ.

“ What can wash away my sins?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
What can make me pure within?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

“ Would you be free from your burden of sin?  
There is power in the Blood.  
Would you o'er evil a victory win,  
There is wonderful power in the Blood.”

How can you possibly sing the song of the redeemed “ Unto Him that loved us and washed us ” if you have never been washed? If some people ever should get to Heaven they would never be able to sing a redemption song. They would have a song of their own and they would get off in a little corner by themselves and they would sing, “ I saved myself. I saved myself.”

But there is no chance of their ever going to Heaven, for the Bible says there is only one way of salvation and that is through the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, which cleanses us from all sin.

In the revised version this text reads, “ Unto Him that loved us and loosed us from our sins in

His blood —” proving that we are bound hand and foot; we need to be loosed, to be freed, to break away, to have liberty.

In your reading of English history do you remember the story of Robert Bruce, who was hunted down by the English? He with a few of his servants escaped to the woods. One of them came running to him and said: “Master, they have unleashed your pack of bloodhounds and set them upon your trail.”

Robert Bruce said, “Follow me.”

He led them into the wood and in the middle of it they came to a stream, waded a number of yards down, then got on the other side. The bloodhounds came on tracking their master to his very death. But when they came to the stream they stopped. They could not go any further. The trail was lost. It was carried down by the stream.

I was running away from sin. The bloodhounds were after me, thinking they would have me, but I came to the stream, a stream, ah, not glassy and bright, but red with the blood of the Son of God and

“I plunged and I am cleansed.  
I plunged and I am free.  
I plunged in that fountain  
That was opened for me.”

Although my sins came after me like a yelling pack, thinking that they would have me, when they came to the stream they stopped. They could not go any further, for the trail was lost. It was carried down by the Blood of the Lamb. That is why we, who have been washed, will through the countless age of Eternity sing the song of the redeemed—"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sin in His blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever."

Now may I ask you, what you are going to do with this love that never changes? How are you going to treat it? Will you accept our Redeemer?

He was a rough fellow, was Jack, a ne'er-do-well. He lived in a little village in Aberdeenshire in Scotland. The people called him a scapegrace. He never would make any good. He was a disgrace to his mother. So Jack determined that he would run away to Australia to seek his fortune. One night he packed his few belongings together and set out for the foreign land without even telling his old mother where he was going. When he got to Australia he managed to mine the nuggets. He toiled for many months and years until he had amassed great wealth. Then he said, "I will go home and see Mother."

As he was walking up and down the deck he was

saying to himself, “I will buy Mother that little pony and cart. I will buy her that little cottage by the sea. I will make her last days the very best. They won’t call me a ne’er-do-well any more. I will do the best I can for Mother.” And musing thus he went back to that little Aberdeenshire village he had left so many years before, and wandered down the familiar country lane to his mother’s gate. It was rose time. The roses covered that cottage from top to bottom. They were red and white, pink and yellow. Their fragrance came to him as he stood there. They reminded him of his mother. He walked up the garden path to the cottage door. Lifting his hand he knocked upon the door. It was opened by a young stranger. Jack said, “Is Mother in?”

“Mother,” said the stranger. “Mother! Why, it isn’t Jack, is it?”

(He had gone away a beardless youth. He had come back a brown-tanned foreigner.)

“Yes, it is Jack. Is Mother in?”

“Nay, lad, Mother is not in just now. But wait a moment, I will get my hat and take you to where your mother is.”

The young stranger put on his hat, took Jack by the arm, led him out of the garden path into the dusty country road once more, around the corner

to where the churchyard lay. Standing at the gate, the young stranger said, "Over there, Jack, where the lilies are, you will find your mother. We placed the lilies there for your sake."

He watched Jack go over. He saw him kneel on the grave. He heard him cry from the depths of his soul, "Oh, Mother, I did love you."

When he got back to the gate, the young stranger said, "What's that I heard you say, Jack? You loved your mother? Nonsense, man. Why, you left her at midnight without telling her where you were going. Month after month, year after year, your mother pined away for a letter from her boy, and you never wrote her. She never knew whether you were dead or alive. At last, Jack, your mother died of a broken heart, and now that she is dead and underneath the sod, you come back to tell her that you love her. Why didn't you tell her when she was alive, when she could hear it and understand? What did she care for your money? She wanted you and your love. Oh, Jack, you have come home too late."

There are men and women in this audience tonight, who, if they are ever lost, will say, "I intended to love Jesus. I intended to accept Him as my Saviour. I intended to enthrone Him in my heart," but then it will be too late. The oppor-

tunity will have passed, and your day of grace ended. Now is the time to let Him in. To-day is the day, if you will love Him. To-morrow may be too late. With all the earnestness of your soul look toward Him and say:

“ My Jesus, I love Thee,  
I know Thou art mine,  
For Thee all the follies  
Of sin I resign.

My gracious Redeemer,  
My Saviour art Thou,  
If ever I loved Thee,  
My Jesus, 'tis now.”

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Dr. Agar addresses himself to the task of showing that if democracy is to fill the world with justice, peace and progress, the Church of Christ must lead the way. True Christianity is, and since its inception always has been, the exponent of the principles of real democracy, and the only hope for humanity's problems is their solution by and through the influence and teaching of Jesus Christ.







